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Spode

by WOLF MANKOWITZ

Collectors' guide to 'Choicest' tea-ware

Silver-shape bone china tea-pot with cobalt blue ground: 1804

IN 1770 Josiah Spode, a 29-year-old potter who had been a star apprentice of the great Staffordshire master Thomas Whieldon, raised a mortgage and took over his first factory. Within a few years Spode's improved earthenware had established a business that has prospered to the present day.

The first innovation introduced by Josiah Spode was a style of transfer-printing in blue under the glaze which, by its soft quality and careful blending with coloured enamels, achieved a unique harmony of design and colour. Furthermore Spode's improved method of printing enabled attractive tea-ware to be sold comparatively cheaply.

But it was Spode's achievements in the manufacture of porcelain which make him most noteworthy. For several years he experimented with Cornish china-clay and china-stone. He added to it calcinated bone eventually producing a porcelain of fine quality, transparent and durable—the first bone-china. Spode's formula has remained the basis of bone-china ever since, and his finest products remain a standard for present-day manufacturers.

From 1800 onwards the factory's work is invariably marked. Although some Spode reproductions of Meissen and Worcester have had their marks removed by grinding, identification is still possible. Spode's paste was considerably softer than that of Meissen, and the colours used in Worcester reproductions are brighter than those of the originals. Early Spode transfers are traditionally English in style; landscapes in panels surrounded by coloured borders, and floral subjects. In porcelain tea-ware rich colours are characteristic. Dark blues, reds, yellow, green and lavender used in conjunction with highly painted flowers, fruit and birds, make Spode china one of the richest of English wares.

NOTE TO COLLECTORS It is fairly easy to find uncommonly good examples of this fine, colourful china. Only a little less easy than it is to find that uncommonly good Brooke Bond tea, 'Choicest'. This fragrant blend of Ceylon and Assam teas makes a worthy partner to your fine Spode tea-ware. At 2/- per quarter it is undoubtedly the best value in tea, today.

A 10" dinner plate typical of Spode's blue transfer decorated work; scene after Mayer's Views in Asia Minor: *1820*

Bone china tea-cup and saucer painted with flowers on solid gold background: 1804

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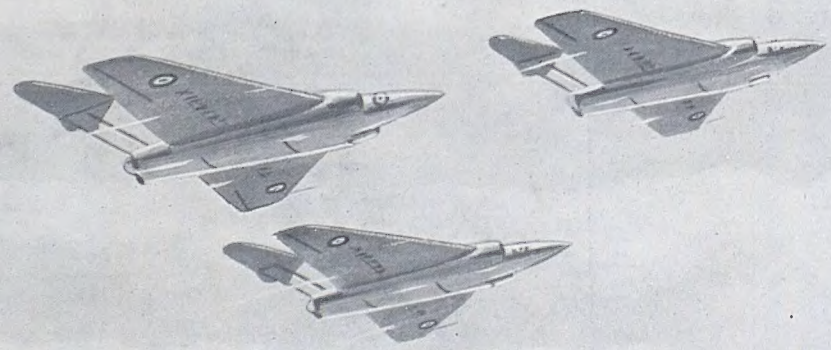

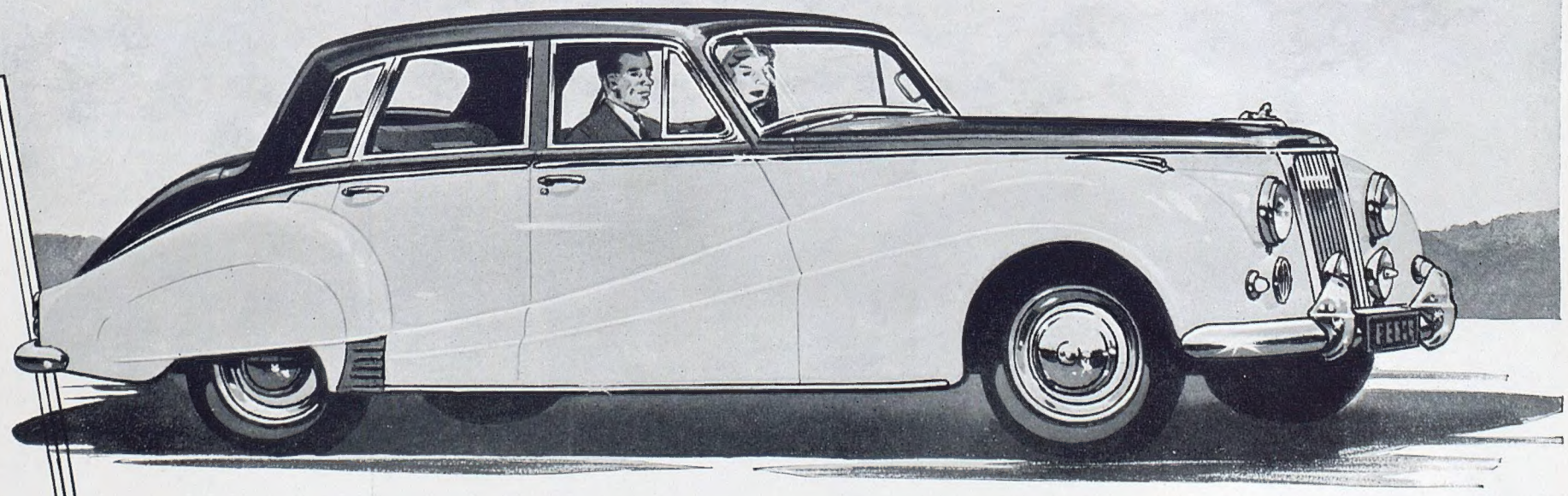

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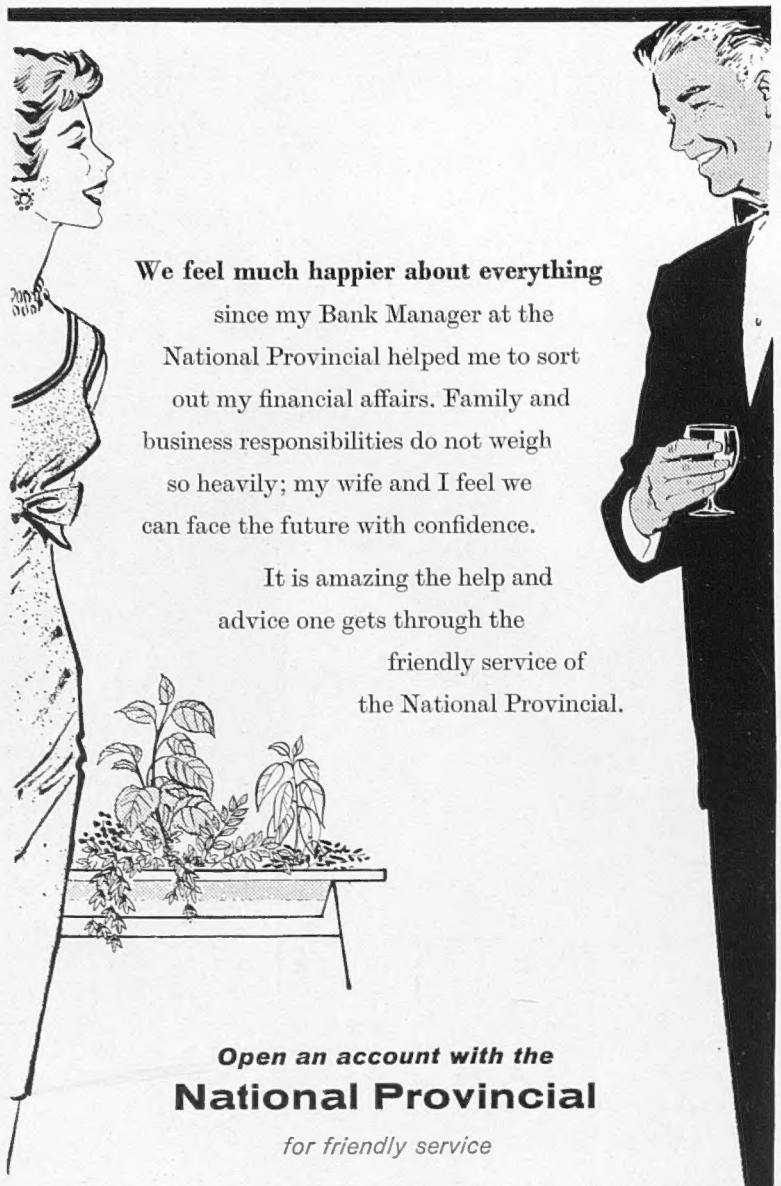

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(12/6)

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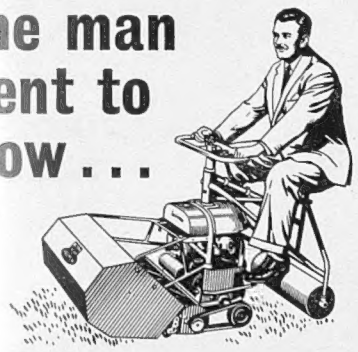

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Volume CCXXXVII No. 3082

The SPHERE, London, April 25, 1959

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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SUCCESSOR TO MR. DULLES—MR. CHRISTIAN HERTER AT HIS DESK IN WASHINGTON: His appointment as Secretary of State was formally announced by President Eisenhower at the end of last week. Mr. Herter, who had been Assistant Secretary of State since 1957, was Acting Secretary of State during the period while Mr. Dulles was incapacitated from undertaking his duties by the illness which led to his resignation. His succession to the Secretaryship was widely expected and welcomed in Washington.

It would be incorrect to say that an entirely new figure entered the international scene last week. Mr. Herter, during his two years as Under-Secretary of State, may inevitably have been overshadowed by the towering stature of Mr. Dulles. But in succeeding to the Secretaryship, he brings with him a long experience in both domestic and foreign politics and a reputation for liberal internationalism which is widely recognised far outside Washington. Christian Archibald Herter was born in Paris in 1895 of wealthy Bostonian parents. After the conventional education for a rich young American, concluding at Harvard, he entered the diplomatic service and had the distinction of being Acting Minister to Belgium at the age of twenty-one. Next he was closely associated with Herbert Hoover on European relief and during the latter's tenure of the Secretaryship of Commerce. Academic work attracted him for a while. In 1931 he began his career in politics. He was twelve years in the Massachusetts State Legislature, a member of the United States Congress for ten years, and Governor of Massachusetts for two terms. In 1957 he moved to the State Department. (Further pictures page 127.)

Postage—Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d.

ROAD IMPROVEMENTS IN KENT: The work is being carried out in the Darenth Valley between Shoreham and Eynsford and will extend for 1¼ miles north from Shoreham. The ro will be widened to 24 ft., properly aligned and the edges strengthened. The filling material which is seen on the left of the highway will be partially covered with gra The road will be brought up to a standard sufficient for the local traffic, but not so high as to attract through traffic, particularly that to and from the new Dartford tunn

A London Newsletter

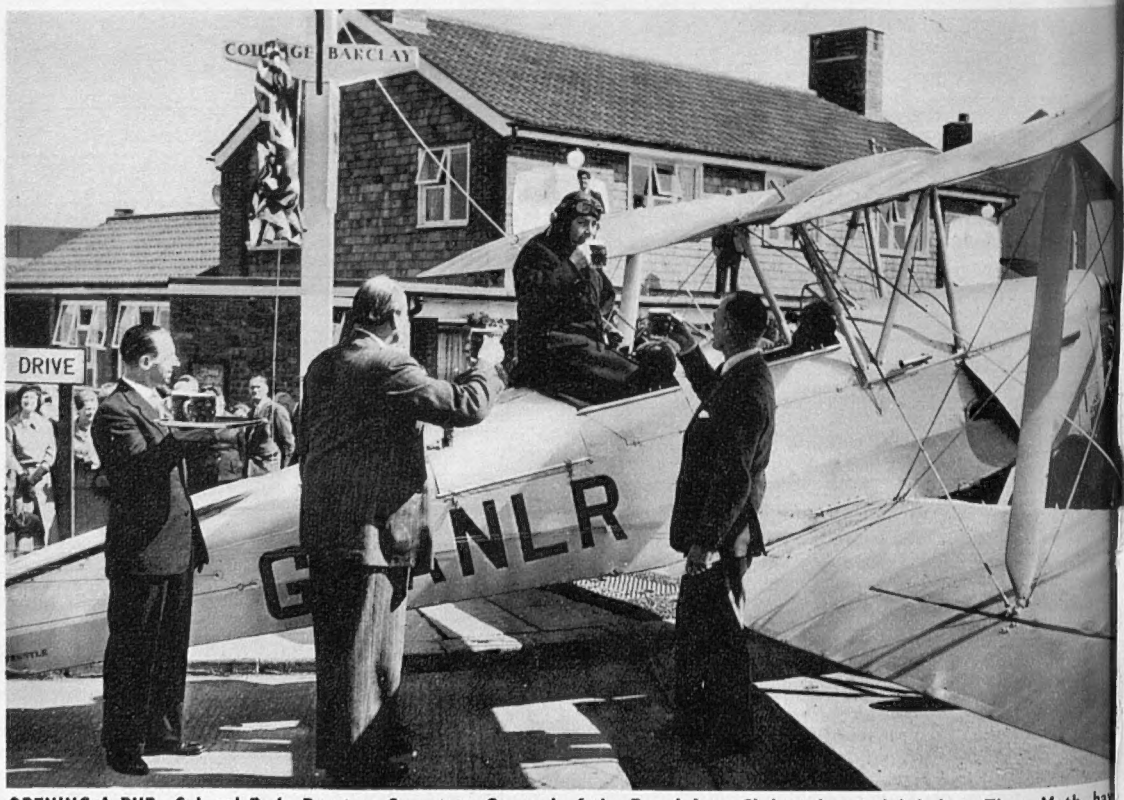
195-198, STRAND, W.C.2

John Foster Dulles—John Foster Dulles' resignation as U.S.A. Secretary of State came less as a surprise (the wonder is that he carried the burden in the face of grievous ill-health so long) than as a shock to all the Western Alliance. Often as the Allies and his own country criticised his policy, his inevitable loss seemed at first to remove the pillar that supported the edifice built to combat Communism. As a man, his courage, his integrity, his utter devotion to the cause he made his own, are universally admired. As a statesman he made the vastly important office he held still more important, and himself greater than his office, and (as we look back) greater than the President. With this extraordinary result: that the man whose iron hand had so long seemed to cause dangerous rifts among the allies, found himself on resignation to have carried away with him the best hope of Western solidarity at a vital juncture. To Eisenhower, his departure is quite clearly comparable in sense of loss to a lonely child's whose devoted Nanny has given in her notice. That no man is indispensable is a truism of history; but many statesmen have seemed so for a time. For Dulles among Foreign Secretaries impinged on world diplomacy as did Talleyrand, Castlereagh, Bismarck and Metternich, and he was certainly a finer, nobler man than all these, and a stronger character and a more able and informed Minister than three of them. It is necessary now that the shock occasioned by the withdrawal from public life of this great and good man, should jolt the Western allies into a solidarity of purpose which his firm and clear policy constantly seemed to jeopardise. And that jolt should come from a tardy recognition that his influence over his President and in the field of world diplomacy lay in his integrity, his complete knowledge of his subject (he carried the State Department in his head and on his shoulders), and from a realisation that all through his administration, he has seen further, seen more clearly, more constructively and more liberally, than the rest.

Caithness Mountains in Labour—At long last, the truth about the boy Waters and the Caithness incident is made public. The "scandal" has been an unconscionable time a-dying and one of the counsel engaged in the very expensive and far too long delayed inquiry is now a judge. *Ruit exiguus mus.* It was a storm in a teacup which could and should have been composed locally. As things fell out, the cost of the inquiry is put at £20,000 and a quarter-million words were nicely typed out and studied. Who pays? The tribunal considered that the boy Waters was impertinent and used filthy language; Constable Gunn cuffed him rather hard, and though the provocation was considerable, the constable should not have done it; Constable Harper offered money to get the complaint dropped: he should not have done it; the Procurator-Fiscal quite rightly refused a prosecution of Gunn. The Secretary of State and the Lord Advocate in Parliament acted with legal correctitude, if not with ordinary common sense. Their attitude induced in the Treasury Bench the same kind of ca' canny that in the past has caused intense public suspicion of gross miscarriages of justice. There was a good deal of lying among the parties locally concerned, which did them no credit. Perhaps in ten cases of a like kind, nine never come to grand-scale investigation, never arouse mass anxiety. The tenth case may do so because moderation and good sense have been lacking among some of the parties involved, or ill-temper and wild rumour have got out of hand. But, *let this be said,* where public anxiety *is* aroused, such inquiries—however costly—ought to be held and as quickly as possible. We should never forget Oscar Slater, Edalji, Beck, and those other famous instances of Authority's burking or delaying the satisfaction of a public anxiety which, right or wrong, has reached fever-heat.

Selling (and Working) British—It has been truly said that the prospect for exports is the least hopeful aspect of our economy to-day. The Budget and the pundits alike stress that. Some of our competitors in world markets are expanding production quicker than we are, notably Germany and Japan. If their goods are of no more sterling workmanship than ours, their salesmanship is less rigid and they get off the mark quicker. They are not so sure that they know best what the world-public should want; they are ever ready to find out and supply what that public *does* want. Is it unfair to add that our more successful competitors in this desperate competition put more work into the unforgiving hour? I have been struck once more by the remarkable duration of Bank Holiday week-ends. The Easter holidays, for example, seem to extend for a week at least beyond the end of Bank Holiday. Of course, the kind of business I engage in is of no national importan concerns no vital industry. I know that the factories clo their workers in on the dot on black Tuesday and assembly lines start moving punctually. But even my o trivial experience of business seems relevant to sugg that the men at the desks return from Bank holidays reluctant to cope with correspondence left unanswe before the holidays began. It takes a full week to reco from the effects of a long week-end, and the machinery only now at last beginning again to run normally. O now does the postman's knock again herald tardy repl to pre-Easter queries. The men at the desks are important part of the export drive, and perhaps a majority them could reasonably recover quicker from Bank holida

Seven Against Space—Seven Americ Service test pilots have been selected as the first "o bital space men," and, needless to say, have already giv their first illustrated Press Conference. The Nation Space Administration will put them through a two-ye course of intensive training before the Project Mercury tried out. There were 100 volunteers; these seven we judged best qualified for training. Always since histo began there have been plenty of volunteers for desper



OPENING A PUB: Colonel R. L. Preston, Secretary-General of the Royal Aero Club, takes a drink in a Tiger Moth, ha opened a new public-house in Kent named after this type of aircraft. After he had flown over the pub, Col Preston was pushed down the road from nearby Rochester Airport and unveiled the new inn sign from the cock

TOWERING ABOVE THE LONDON SKYLINE: The new headquarters building for Thorn Electrical in Upper Saint Martin's Lane nears completion. To the left, in the background, is the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral; on the extreme right is the Shell-Mex building on the Thames Embankment. The new fourteen-storey reinforced concrete building has been constructed at a building rate of a floor a week. By making a comprehensive "method study" analysis of the movement of men, machines and materials, the contractors, Messrs. Bovis Ltd., have been able to eliminate idle machine time, thereby creating a high level of productivity. Construction time was reduced by several months.

assignments and the cannon's mouth. Always men have been found ready to face almost certain death. Our own roll of V.C.s is proof of that, but in this venture I see a difference and a new factor. It is an assignment more cold-blooded. Few V.C.s have been called on to prepare for two years for an assignment with death so long deferred. A majority of deeds of supreme heroism have been done in hot blood, at short notice, on the spur of the moment. All the seven selected are married men, all with children, all are in the middle thirties. All the wives are consenting, some enthusiastic. There is no room here for cheap cynicism or music-hall jokes about married life, and money doesn't enter into it. There is no extra pioneer space-pay. It 's all glory and scientific enthusiasm. And " little Peterkin's " question: " What good came of it at last " is academic. Old stagers and stragglers from pre-war eras have long ceased, in a world they do not understand, to ask the reason why.

Schedule A: Silence of Chancellor—

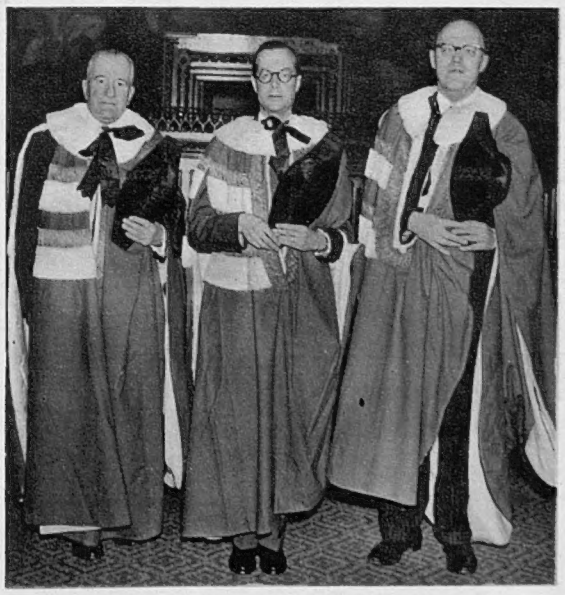
I am glad that some Conservative M.P.s are not prepared to accept as final the Chancellor's silence on the hoped-for liquidation or rationalisation of that iniquitous, elaborate and illogical Schedule A tax. It would be depressing if all the Members in the House of that party which has set as its ideal " a property-owning democracy " should lazily let that ideal go by default in so important and overdue a reform of a muddled and grievous imposition on house-owners. I hope and believe that the question will be reopened and fairly argued by an amendment, which may lead the Chancellor and Government to reconsider it, and give practical implementation to their ideal by rationalising or abolishing a tax which a majority of house-owners do not understand, and detest as mean, illogically based, and retrograde in so far as it discourages legitimate house-pride and the very desirable aim of improving the standards and amenities of living and of family life. That is a budget concession which should fairly be placed on the Statute Book before a General Election.

Oil in Britain—

It comes as a surprise to me to read that England is already sufficiently oil-bearing to produce annually 80,000 tons of oil, just enough to supply Britain's needs for one full day. This oil is deep down (2,500 ft. or so) and requires none of the " gusher " business which devastates large oil-bearing areas. It is reluctantly sucked up in muddied form by small inconspicuous pumps, and local people in Nottingham and Dorset, our chief oilfields, are hardly aware of their existence. The oil venture of Britain, largely run by B.P.'s Subsidiary Exploration Company, manages to pay its way and sends its raw products to Scotland for refining. There is a possibility that production might be doubled fairly soon, for the most productive well, at Broadbench, in Dorset, is giving encouraging results. Problems for the future include development in Lincolnshire, undersea development and the economics of building a refinery nearer the wells in Central England. Oil-getting in Britain has got beyond the experimental stage. It is a healthy little national industry, with pride in its performance.

Vickers: A Family of Artists—

I have been for some time a collector in a small way of the charming landscapes of Alfred Vickers (1786-1868). The pictures I have are for the most part very suitable to hang in small rooms, were painted towards the end of his long life and have some of the charm and merits of Constables. The bulk of them are studies on Kentish estuaries. One other—a rustic scene by a stream with cattle—is to-day a busy part of Lewisham's built-up area. This lends point to Vicker's value as a social historian. He reveals the extraordinary suburbanisation of rural England in a century. He had a son, Alfred Gomersal Vickers, who specialised in marine subjects and died thirty years before his father. Had he lived, his merits, acknowledged to be greater than his father's, might to-day be even more highly accepted. There has been some correspondence recently in *Country Life* about the identity of still another Vickers—A. H. Vickers. He, like Alfred (senior), seems to have lived at some period in Arlington Street, Islington, and must have been related to the better-known Vickers, but whether as another son or a grandson of Alfred has not yet been discovered. I fancy that pictures by these Vickers will one day attract even more interest than to-day.

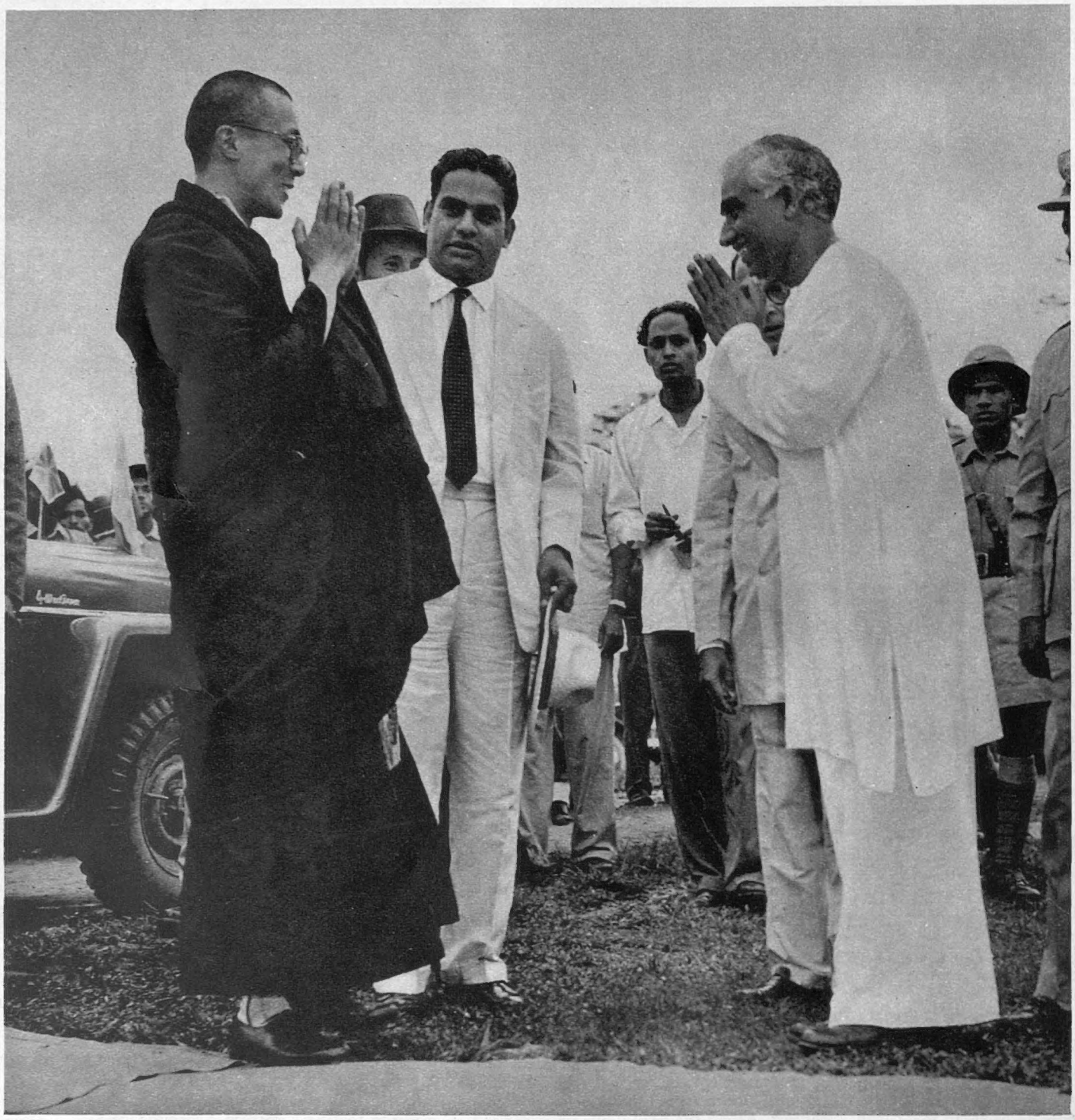


A NEW LIFE PEER: Lord Plowden is seen at the House of Lords flanked by his sponsors Lord Mills (left) and Lord Pakenham. Formerly Sir Edwin Plowden, he has been Chairman of the Atomic Energy Authority since 1954. At the same time last week, Lord Rootes was also introduced to the House of Lords. He was sponsored by Lords Cornwallis and Sinclair of Cleeve.

The Rush to Moscow—

The popularity of Moscow as a centre of tourism and exploration owes a great deal to Mr. Macmillan. He has given it the maximum number of stars in the modern Baedeker. The grapes he brought back from the Promised Land have tasted sweet to all sorts and conditions of our pundits. Naturally, the leader of the Opposition would feel it a duty to shadow the Premier there, make an independent reconnaissance, correct any misconceptions of British policy (1959-64) which may have formed in Mr. Khrushchev's mind, and generally to get some credit and know-how for the Socialists. Then Monty, still very active and confident in master-plans, could hardly find a better battleground for a break-through in the Cold War. Among smaller fry making the circular tour, there is every reason why the Dean of Canterbury, old and not very robust, should join the queue. For he, too, may be able to clear Mr. Khrushchev's mind of misconceptions created by earlier contacts and assure him that he has in Britain no inconsiderable minority which does not too closely look in the mouth the proffered gift of his ideology. All this Moscow *va-et-vient* should provide new ideas in propaganda to all concerned in boosting tourism to their countries' advantage. The retreat from Moscow is ancient history, a forgotten episode. The rush to Moscow is very much alive and realistic.

THE OLD STAGER



WELCOME TO ASSAM: An Indian official (right) greets the Dalai Lama at an Army outpost on the border between the North-east Frontier Agency and Assam. Next to the Tibetan ruler is Mr. P. N. Menon, Mr. Nehru's emissary. The Dalai Lama was then driven to Tezpur, where he made his first statement since leaving Lhasa.

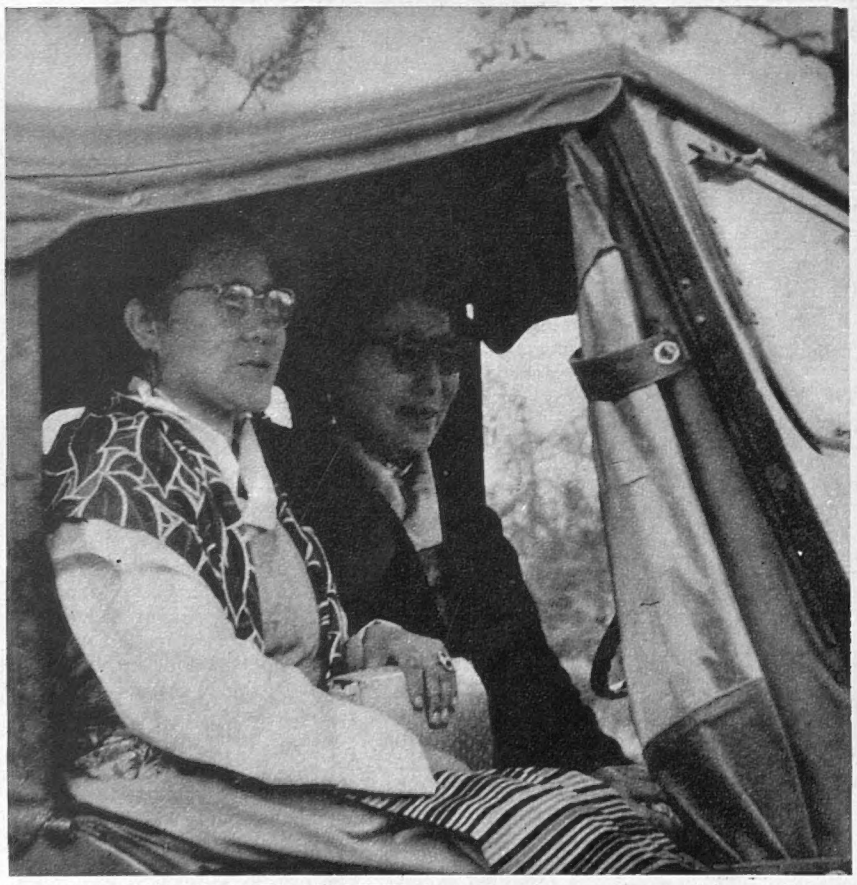
POLICY-MAKING AT TEZPUR

A Forthright Statement by the Dalai Lama at the Railhead in Assam

The pattern of events in Asia has become clearer; no longer does the idea of a benevolent Communism in China have any general credence and the age-old opposition of Tibet and India and China seems less masked by politic and political camouflage. The Dalai Lama made a long-awaited statement of his position and that of Tibet at the Circuit House in Tezpur. It made a profound impression which seemed likely to become deeper as it was studied in the various capitals of the world. The statement was more forthright and more informative than had been expected.

It declared at the outset that the Tibetans are a separate people from the Chinese and have always striven for independence. Every time that Tibet had submitted to some form of Chinese suzerainty it was under duress. The 17-point agreement of 1951 was made because there was no alternative, but even though Chinese suzerainty was accepted, Tibet was to have had full autonomy in internal affairs. But, in fact, this had not happened : all important decisions had been made by the Chinese authorities.

The statement then outlined the chain of events starting with the struggle in the Kham province in 1955 and ending with the Dalai Lama's escape. The Tibetan ruler stressed that he came to India of his own free will and under no duress. The statement ended with the Dalai Lama's thanks addressed to the Indian Government. It appeared that no future course of action was ruled out, except an early reconciliation with the Chinese.



WITH THE DALAI LAMA ON THE LONG TREK: Seated in a jeep as they are driven to Tezpur are the Tibetan ruler's sister (left) and his mother. The Dalai Lama later left the town by train for Mussoorie, the Indian hill-station where he is to spend his exile.

THE PANCHEN LAMA IN PEKIN : Accompanied by Chou En-lai, the Chinese Prime Minister, the Panchen Lama smiles and waves as he leaves the railway station. He has become the " acting chairman of the preparatory committee of the autonomous region of Tibet."

SMILING AND AT EASE: The Dalai Lama arrives at Tezpur. It was exactly a month since he had slipped out of Lhasa to start his perilous journey. According to eye-witnesses he appeared cheerful and in command of the situation.

ARRIVAL IN THE FOOTHILLS OF INDIA: The Tibetan ruler, in his reddish-brown robes, walks across ground-sheets laid on the muddy ground towards the commanding officer's house in the military outpost. On his right is Mr. Menon. He was accompanied by a large retinue.

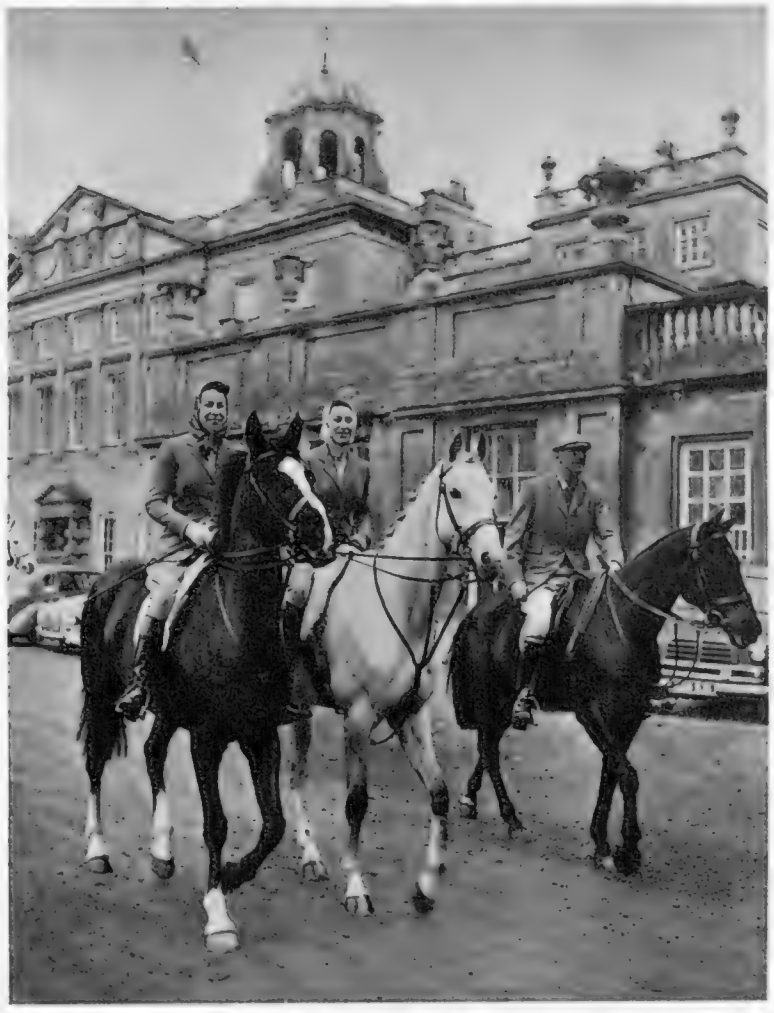
CROWDS GREET THE TIBETAN RULER IN TEZPUR: At the railhead in Assam, the Dalai Lama stands on a specially-erected dais on the sports field. Some 10,000 people gathered round the dais for the Tibetan temporal and spiritual ruler's blessing. Later, the Dalai Lama and members of his entourage, including his mother, sister and brother, left by train for Mussoorie, where he was due to meet Mr. Nehru this week. It seemed that the Indian Prime Minister was prepared to offer him as much assistance as possible.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE ROYAL FAMILY AT THE BADMINTON HORSE TRIALS: Among those occupying the traditional farm-cart "grandstand" for the jumping events in the grounds of Badminton, the home of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, are (in the front row) Princess Margaret, the Queen Mother, the Queen and the Princess Royal. In the centre background is the Duke of Beaufort. Conditions at the Badminton three-day horse trials this year were bad owing to heavy rain.

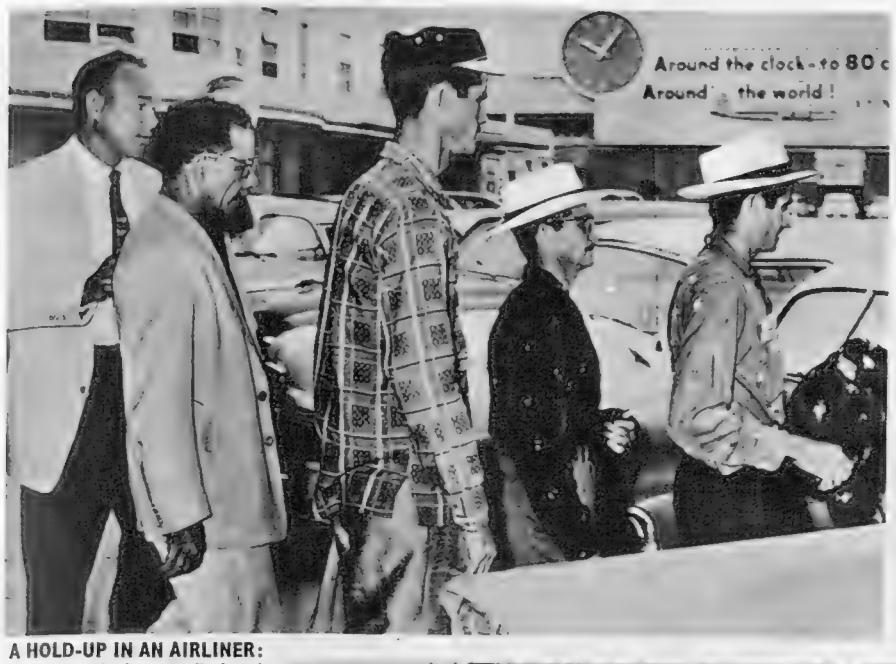
On right—

THE WINNER OF THE CHALLENGE CUP: The Queen makes the presentation to Mrs. Sheila Waddington (formerly Miss Sheila Willcox), who won the Championship for the third year in succession.

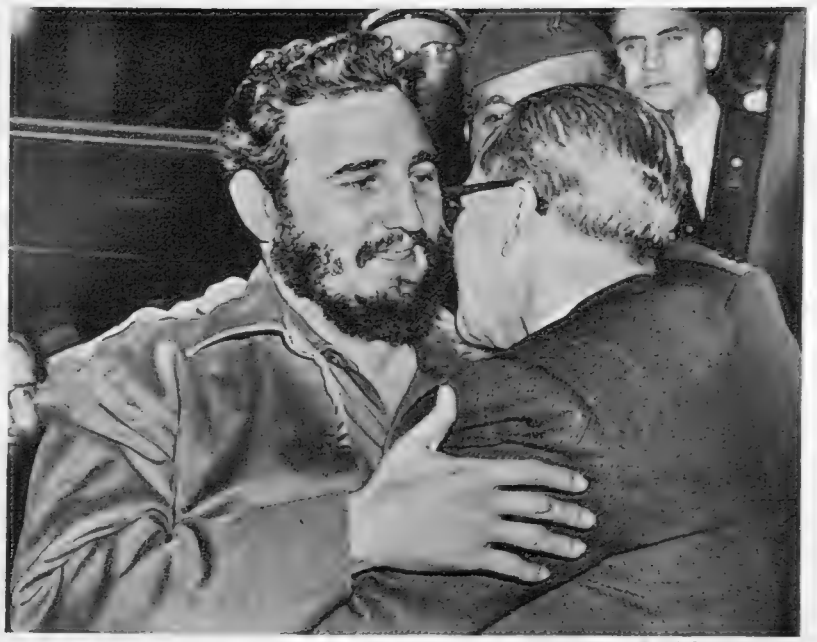


A MORNING RIDE: The Queen, Princess Margaret and the Duke of Beaufort ride out from Badminton House. *On left*—The Queen, well protected against the weather, walks across the muddy ground to watch the dressage.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



A HOLD-UP IN AN AIRLINER: Escorted by a Federal officer (extreme left), four Cubans are walking from the airfield at Miami, Florida. From right they are Rolando, Alfredo and Jesus Mason, and Leonardo Serrate. Flying in a Cuban airliner from Havana to the Isle of Pines, they had held up the pilot at gunpoint and forced him to divert his course to Miami. The three brothers Mason stated that they had escaped from prison in Havana, where they were awaiting execution. Two had been Batista secret policemen. Serrate had also been in the secret police but said he was not imprisoned.



CASTRO IN WASHINGTON: The Cuban Prime Minister, wearing battledress and the beard which he grew during the jungle operations which brought him to power, is welcomed at the airport by the Cuban Ambassador to the United States, Dr. Dihigo. Dr. Castro explained the purpose of his visit as a search for "good understanding and good economic relations" with the United States. At the annual convention of American newspaper editors, he answered numerous questions about his policies. He declared that only "war criminals" of the Batista regime were being punished in Cuba and criticised the U.S. for "intervention" in Cuban affairs.

On right—

A REVOLT IN AN AMERICAN PRISON: An officer climbs a ladder to reinforce the armed guards on the wall of the Montana State Prison where convicts staged a revolt against the prison authorities. The prisoners killed a deputy warden, wounded a guard and detained as hostages guards, prison employees and fellow-prisoners, whom they accused of being informers. Eventually a force of fifty National Guardsmen, armed with a bazooka, machine-guns and automatic rifles, stormed the prison and released the hostages. Two ringleaders were found dead.

On left—

AN R.A.F. TEAM LAUNCHES ITS FIRST THOR MISSILE: Fire and smoke belching from its rockets, a Thor intermediate-range ballistic missile, painted with the R.A.F. rondel, leaves the launching-pad at the Vandenberg Air Force Base in California. After three days of delays, the missile was launched by a British crew of three, chosen from the 200 men training in the U.S. It was the first operational launch by an R.A.F. crew. The U.S.A.F. at the time had also fired one Thor as part of its training programme.

THE HALVES OF DARTFORD-PURFLEET TUNNEL MEET: 25 ft. below the river-bed, in the hole joining the Essex and Kent sides of the new Thames tunnel, two workmen shake hands after the last few feet of chalk have been cleared away. Work on the mile-long tunnel began two years ago and it is hoped that by 1962 traffic will be using its 21-ft.-wide carriageway. Construction of the three miles of approach roads—all dual carriageways—will begin this year. Ultimately the system will connect the north and south orbital roads, which are planned, to form a circle round London with a radius of fifteen miles.

THE ARAB OIL CONFERENCE: Mr. Aziz Sidky, the United Arab Republic's Minister of Industry, addresses the opening session in Cairo. Delegates from eight Arab countries, Persia and Venezuela, and representatives of thirty-five companies engaged in the oil business, had gathered to discuss what were described as "technical and cultural objectives." However, at the beginning of this week there was a stormy session when a speaker expressed the view that under certain circumstances the government of a country had the right to abrogate concessionary contracts made with oil companies. This led to controversial debate.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

ANGLO-FRENCH CONVERSATIONS IN LONDON: Mr. Macmillan sits with M. Debré at London Airport. The French Premier had just arrived with M. Couve de Murville, the French Foreign Minister, for two days of talks with their British counterparts. A wide range of subjects was discussed, including Germany, the Atlantic Alliance, and economic and "overseas problems." Both sides described the conversations as "very valuable."

PREPARING TO INSTALL THE NEW RECTOR AT A SCOTTISH UNIVERSITY: At the West Port in St. Andrews, Lord Boothby replies to an address of welcome from students on the day before his installation as Rector of the University. As was to be expected, he was greeted in the customary lively manner. After his installation he announced at a dinner that he had left the Conservative Party and would sit on the cross benches in the House of Lords.

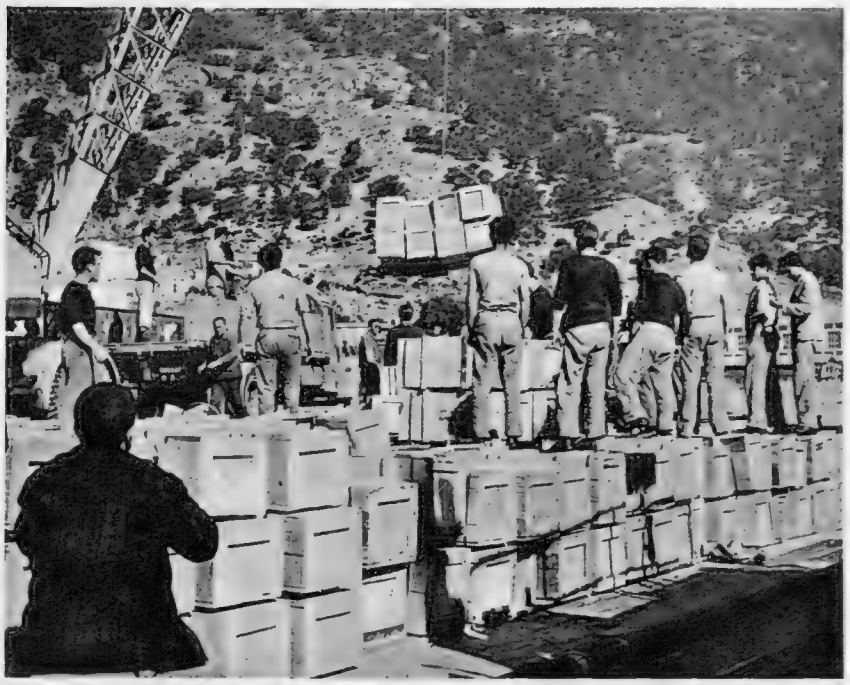
ON THE FIFTH ANNUAL MARCH TO JERUSALEM: On the outskirts of Haifa soldiers march past a group of women seated at the roadside. The idea of the march originated in Holland, where an international competition has been popular for some years. Lasting for four days, the march is designed to select groups of soldiers or civilians as the fittest after the journey. The winners in Israel go on to compete in Holland.

MARCHING FROM HAIFA TO JERUSALEM: On the route lined with spectators and banners, members of the Israeli Army step out on the fifth annual march to the capital of Israel. Some 3,650 soldiers, as well as a number of civilians, started from Haifa. Groups of soldiers, civilians and youths of both sexes set out from various other points in the country. It was estimated that 12,300 Israelis were taking part.

DEMOLISHING A BRIDGE IN KENT: Army engineers from the School of Military Engineering in Chatham prepare to blow up a disused road bridge over a defunct railway cutting in Elham Valley. The cables hanging over the bridge bring compressed air to the drills which the soldiers are using to make bore-holes in the brickwork to hold the explosive charges. *On right*—The bridge is partly demolished after the first charges had been exploded, and rubble and branches from nearby trees are strewn all around. The operation was a difficult one because a house stands only 200 yards away from the bridge and a minimum of explosive had to be used. A second blast took away the remainder of the structure. The engineers were doing the task for the Kent County Council, who plan to build a new minor road passing this point. The demolition provided valuable training for the engineers.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A SOVIET VESSEL ON A MYSTERY VOYAGE: The *Argun* lies at Port Said before passing through the Suez Canal. She is one of a number of Russian ships which have recently sailed on this route, reputedly bound for Iraq. Egyptian sources reported that the passengers included hundreds of "armed Russian Kurds." In the cargoes were armoured vehicles. Moscow denied these reports and stated that one of the ships carried Iraqis of Kurdish origin returning home after fleeing to the Soviet Union in 1947 "to escape persecution."



CZECH ARMS CARGO SEIZED BY THE FRENCH: Boxes of ammunition are piled on the quay at Mers-el-Kebir, near Oran, in Algeria. They had been confiscated from the Czechoslovak ship *Lidice* after she had been intercepted by a French naval patrol in the Mediterranean and brought into the port. The French authorities declared that they found 580 tons of arms and ammunition on board which, they alleged, were intended for the Algerian rebels. In Rabat it was claimed that the arms were being brought to the Royal Moroccan forces.

ROADBUILDERS IN YUGOSLAVIA: Parties of young people are at work between Paracin and Nis, in Serbia. They are some of several thousand students, young workers and farmers who gathered from all over the country at the beginning of this month to work on this particular section of the great new international motor road. It is to run through Yugoslavia from north to south.

PICKS AND SHOVELS PLIED WITH A WILL: A young woman takes a hand in the road-making on the Paracin-Nis section of the Yugoslav highway. Young men and women have also been working on the southernmost section of the international motor road at Gevgeli, near the Greek border.

RUSSIANS AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE IN LONDON: In the group watching Mr. R. L. Stubbs, Director of the Zinc Development Association, being shown a point of interest by a Waiter are some of a party of ten Soviet citizens. They were in London as guests of the Zinc Development Association, a delegation from which visited the Soviet Union at the end of last year. During their ten-day stay in Britain, the Russians went to Bristol and Swansea to see zinc-smelting operations. They were taken to the theatre at Stratford and visited the University at Oxford, as well as seeing several factories in London.

ANGLO-AMERICAN TALKS ON NUCLEAR DEFENCE: At the Ministry of Defence in London are, from the left, Dr. Willard F. Libby, Commissioner of the United States Atomic Energy Commission; Sir Frederick Brundrett, Scientific Adviser to the Minister of Defence; General Herbert B. Loper, Assistant to the U.S. Secretary of Defence (Atomic Energy), and Sir William Penney, member of the Atomic Energy Authority. They were the chief delegates at the meeting last week to discuss existing and future collaboration under the Anglo-American Agreement for co-operation on the uses of atomic energy for mutual defence purposes.

World Affairs

THE ARAB WORLD IN FERMENT

By JOHN CONNELL

IT is convincing evidence of Jordan's present internal stability, as Samir Rifai himself pointed out when he was in London earlier this month, that the King, the Prime Minister and the Finance Minister could all be out of the country at the same time. The dangers from outside, however, to which that stability is still subject certainly have not diminished, and show little sign of diminishing in the next few months. Samir Rifai's confidence and calm courage do him the greatest credit, and they are in a sense infectious. It is difficult to realise when you are in his company, sharply conscious of his wisdom, his generosity and his tolerance, that he and the few who think, talk and act as he habitually does are islanded in a sea of fanaticism, folly and violence. The Prime Minister of Jordan seems to speak with the accents of another age. He is all polish and grace and courtesy; anyone more unlike the young, boastful, neurotic officers-turned-gangsters who are the rulers of most of the contemporary world it is impossible to imagine. Jordan preserved last year from imminent destruction as a country and as a way of life is, by that the old mixture of charm and shortsightedness is still so pitiably effective?

I wish I knew the answer. I wish, too, that I could be persuaded that in the oncoming crisis we are not going once again to pile folly upon folly, and when the inevitable calamities follow look blankly and forlornly around asking, "But what alternative had we?"

It is not uninteresting to reflect that Jordan's defence burden, which (with some justification) she asks Britain and the United States to shoulder with her, is not imposed by the existence, next door to her, of a powerfully and efficiently-armed Israel, and indeed no Jordanian leader has mentioned this factor at all. Israel has given so many recent proofs of restraint and quiet self-discipline that one feels sometimes that it is a little shabby of Western statesmen never to utter a word of recognition, let alone thanks. The feud, so far as the present rulers of Jordan are concerned, is (I am convinced) quiescent nowadays; they prefer not to think about, not to admit, other than by the most indirect implication, that Israel even exists. But to take active steps to get into some

UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC CITIZENS DEPORTED FROM IRAQ: Waiting in Damascus on their way home is a group of Egyptian teachers who had been deported from Iraq. The expulsion of certain U.A.R. citizens from Iraq is one of the actions which have been taken by General Kassem against his chief rival in the Arab world, President Nasser.

modern Arab standards, an absurd anachronism. How long can it survive?

The cost of the defence of Jordan is, as Samir Rifai admitted with graceful candour while he was in London, exorbitant. It and it alone is the cause of the financial supplications which—it is an open secret—the King and his Ministers have been making both in Washington and in London. Defence against whom? In the ultimate analysis, against the aggressive intentions either of Nasser's United Arab Republic or of the Communist satellite State into which Kassem's Iraq has been converted so swiftly and so irrevocably. That these two are at present at each other's throats is significant of itself, but it is curiously irrelevant to Jordan's plight.

We are about to witness, in my view, the gravest of all the grave political crises which have afflicted the Middle East in recent years. The proud and tranquil self-confidence of the present rulers of Jordan is a fact which has to be admitted. But it would be rash indeed to accept it at the value which those who are animated by it place upon it themselves. I remember Nuri es Said, as staunch and sane and experienced a man as Samir Rifai, coming to London at just this time last year and assuring everyone to whom he spoke—with all his known sagacity and earnestness to support his assertions—that while the régime in Jordan was in the most serious and imminent danger of a Nasserite *coup d'état*, his own hold over Iraq had never been firmer. The warning in the irony of that recollection should not be disregarded. Samir Rifai saw the same people in London this month, from the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary downwards, as Nuri did a year ago; across the gulf of defeat, slaughter and grief, why is it sort of relationship with Israel is still thought to be psychologically as well as politically impossible. To hear Samir Rifai saying with great solemnity that a settlement of the problem of the Arab refugees can only be considered in connection with "a general settlement of the whole Palestine problem" was to feel that for him, on this issue, time has stood still since 1948.

There is, however, a terrible, rushing tide of change in the Middle East, and I fear that Jordan is bound to be engulfed in it—just as violently and just as tragically as her neighbours, Syria and Iraq. It is going to be a major revolution, whose pace and direction are not chosen by the peoples of the Middle East, but by the Soviet Union and—at present in the background—Communist China. The vacuum created by Britain's withdrawal is going to be filled. I am by temperament and training alike extremely chary of political prophecy: I have a strong dislike for being proved wrong. But this is an issue on which I believe that it would be timorous and dishonourable to hedge. So far as the next crucial phase in relations between the world's two great power blocs is concerned, Asia, not Europe, is the vital theatre—and thereafter, or perhaps almost simultaneously, the continent of Africa.

All the elaborate concentration of manœuvre and counter-manœuvre on the questions of Berlin and the reunification of Germany has been, from the enemy's viewpoint, a skilful and successful bluff. We in the West have let ourselves be deluded and be led into a fantastic and utterly bewildering bog of detail. Who, trying to keep pace with the deluge of utterances, official, demi-official and unofficial, has not in a moment of honesty or sheer fatigue felt that it is all a vast, artificial, academic wrangle about nothing? At the end of this enormous paper war will the Russians in fact destroy Four-Power rule in Berlin? Will they suddenly precipitate the ultimate crisis over the status and future of East and West Germany?

I do not think so for a moment—because Germany and the whole of Western Europe into the bargain *do not matter that much*. A proposition like this is extremely unflattering to the vanity of Dr. Adenauer, Herr von Brentano or indeed President de Gaulle. Western Europe as such, in the global strategic struggle which is now expanding rapidly, is no longer of any particular importance. The Communists are playing now for far higher stakes and on a far bigger plane. They want to defeat us, not to destroy us and take the very considerable risk of being destroyed themselves in the process.

And we can be very heavily defeated in the Middle East. In my belief—and in the belief of others who know the Middle East a great deal better and at much deeper levels than I do—the planning, preparatory and initial stages of the conflict, in which both Moscow and Pekin have always known themselves to be engaged, are now virtually over; the blows are about to be struck. They are likely to be most disagreeable to experience.

I find it difficult to restrain a cry of genuine anguish—tinged with laughter, I admit, and tinged with compassion—when I read that major Western oil interests (which are, of course, American, British and Western European in various, rather complicated, proportions) are satisfied that excellent progress has been made in negotiations for a new agreement with the new Iraqi Government on the sharing of oil interests. I cannot stop myself recalling certain very optimistic but infelicitous observations made by the spokesmen of the same interests shortly before the Abadan crisis eight years ago. Their confidence in the good faith of General Kassem and his Government was reinforced, we have been told, by the behaviour of the Iraqi Minister of Economics, Dr. Ibrahim Kubba. What indeed could be franker or more above-board than Dr. Kubba's statement, given wide publicity, that all the stories put out about impending moves to nationalise the oil industry were complete fabrications "by foreign radios"?

Kassem's Government is not, I admit, Communist in the technical sense; it is Russian-dominated. But there is an ample cadre of well-trained, dedicated Communists at work in all the major Ministries in Bagdad and ready, when ordered, to take complete control. The orders can be given and will be promptly—and successfully—obeyed at any moment. Timed to coincide with the full and open Communisation of the Administration in Bagdad is the establishment of an autonomous Soviet Socialist Republic of Kurdistan. This will strike two major blows at once: it will deny, or make in terms of money utterly prohibitive any Western access to the oilfields and installations at Mosul and Kirkuk; it will also have the most drastic effect on Persia, and jeopardise the position of the Shah and his Government. The blows will, almost without doubt, be delivered when it is calculated that they will most sharply hurt and embarrass Britain and the United States.

But what, it may be asked, about the United Arab Republic and that splendid bulwark of anti-Communism, President Nasser? As far as both my information and my observation go, Nasser is a spent force. The Arab world has rumbled him. Specious smiles and grimaces at the Lebanese President (in an unnamed but carefully-photographed rendezvous on the Syrio-Lebanese border) worked no conjuring trick for him; President Chehab smiled back, dodged courteously and remained placidly uncommitted. Nasser's own country has rumbled him; his propaganda-built empire has dwindled with dramatic speed. This would be a matter for sober rejoicing if there were a practicable alternative to the now thoroughly discredited—and morally as well as financially bankrupt—Junta. The King returning to his own again from Cannes and Rome? The pashas hurrying back from Lausanne and Zurich? Not on your life. The alternative is there in Cairo; and few of us are going to like the look of it at all.

In Cairo as in Bagdad there is a hard, efficient cadre of Moscow-trained officers and officials biding their time before the take-over. I do not look forward to the next six months in international affairs with any marked degree of enthusiasm or cheerfulness. I have a feeling that by September or October the formal status of Berlin, about which we have all been making such long faces, will be unchanged; but that Iraq, Persia and Egypt—and indeed the whole Middle East—will wear a different and much more unpleasant aspect.

ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL SECRETARIES OF STATE IN AMERICAN HISTORY: Mr. Dulles is seen entering the Walter Reed Hospital, in Washington, on April 12. Three days later it was reported that the cancer from which he had been suffering for some time had spread to his neck. The Secretary of State then sent in his resignation from the office which he had held as such a world-dominating figure for over six years, since January 1953.

THE RESIGNATION OF MR. DULLES

Retirement of the U.S. Secretary of State Owing to Extreme Ill Health

THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE GRAVE NEWS: At Augusta, Georgia, President Eisenhower informs the Press of Mr. Dulles' resignation. Speaking with deep emotion he said that the Secretary of State was "absolutely incapacitated" through ill health.

"The end of an era" was the general summing-up of the situation after the news of the retirement of Mr. Dulles. For it had become increasingly clear in recent years that at whatever level America negotiated in international discussions, and whoever represented Washington, the voice which spoke was always that of John Foster Dulles. That he wore himself out in the causes which he believed to be right needs no emphasis. His travels over six years had almost certainly been more extensive than any other foreign minister. Since he had been a sick man for many months, his resignation was not unexpected. But it was a bitter blow to the President and the new Secretary of State had to take over at a most critical time in East-West relations.

THE GRIM-FACED PRESIDENT: Mr. Eisenhower stares sombrely ahead as he is driven away from the Press conference at Augusta. After paying a very warm personal tribute to Mr. Dulles' "tremendous character and courage, intelligence and wisdom," he added to the journalists that "I cannot tell you how really regretful I feel."

IN CHARGE AT THE STATE DEPARTMENT: Mr. Christian Herter, the Under-Secretary, was acting as Secretary of State during the period before his appointment as successor to Mr. Dulles.

SURRENDER OF ARMS: Watched by Chinese soldiers, Tibetans give up weapons and ammunition near Lhasa. After the fighting had ended in the capital, guerilla action was reported to be continuing in other parts of Tibet.

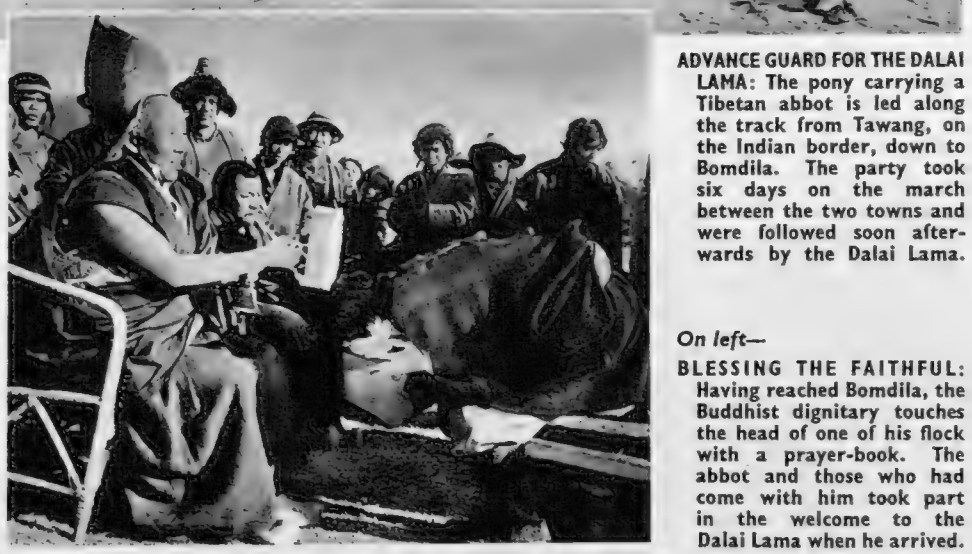
FROM LHASA TO BOMDILA

Captives in Tibet and Refugees in India

As the Dalai Lama made his way from the Tibetan border into India it seemed clear that the fighting in Lhasa had ended. Pictures reaching London showed Tibetans handing over stocks of arms and ammunition, and Chinese troops appeared to be busy rounding up those who had taken part in the rising. In the south of the country guerilla tribesmen claimed to be continuing the struggle and there was news of Khamba chiefs setting up a resistance "Government of the Volunteer Army for the Defence of Religion."

That opposition in Tibet to the Chinese will continue is certain. For what is happening there to-day is much more than a conflict caused by modern ideologies. It is one more chapter in the history of centuries of enmity between the two nations. At some times, as in the seventh century, the Tibetans have held dominion over the Chinese. At others, Chinese rulers have had effective control in Lhasa. Communism is only a contributory factor to a deep-rooted national rivalry which shows no signs of abating.

THE END OF THE STRUGGLE IN LHASA: Bren guns lie below the muzzle of a cannon against which rifles, some with sheathed bayonets, are stacked. In the background captured Tibetans squat on the ground. *On right*—A fallen telegraph pole and wires litter a street in which fighting occurred.



ADVANCE GUARD FOR THE DALAI LAMA: The pony carrying a Tibetan abbot is led along the track from Tawang, on the Indian border, down to Bomdila. The party took six days on the march between the two towns and were followed soon afterwards by the Dalai Lama.

On left—

BLESSING THE FAITHFUL: Having reached Bomdila, the Buddhist dignitary touches the head of one of his flock with a prayer-book. The abbot and those who had come with him took part in the welcome to the Dalai Lama when he arrived.

PREPARING TO GREET THE RULER OF TIBET: Mr. K. L. Mehta, an Indian Government official in the North-East Frontier Agency, and his German-born wife, are offered tea in Bomdila. They joined in the greetings to the ruler of Tibet.

ON THE HIMALAYAN FRONTIER: Troops guard a checkpoint on the road from Gangtok, the capital of Sikkim, to Tibet. *On right*—The village of Dirang Dzong was one of the halts of the Dalai Lama on his journey to Bomdila.

BY THE THAMES AT WESTMINSTER: *Left*—Traffic crosses Westminster Bridge, in front of the Houses of Parliament, with, right, the clock tower of Big Ben. *Right*—The dials of Big Ben are 23 ft. in diameter. The clock was set in motion on May 31, 1859, 100 years ago next month; the bell chimed regularly from July the same year.

CENTENARY OF BIG BEN

The Clock Started on May 31, 1859, and the Bell Started to Chime Regularly in July 1859

History is full of the clamour of bells, sounding the alarm or pealing in jubilation. London, too, is full of the chiming of the hours. But of all these sounds none in recent history is so famous as the sonorous striking of Big Ben. On May 31, this clock, situated 180 ft. above the ground at Westminster, will celebrate its centenary since it was first set in motion. The bell started to chime regularly from July 11 of the same year. To acknowledge the centenary M.P.s are to hold a "ceremony" in New Palace Yard, during which a plaque will be unveiled. An exhibition arranged in honour of Big Ben is to be held in the Westminster Jewel Tower.

The clock, which has a pendulum weighing 685 lb., was designed by Edmund Beckett Denison, the first Baron Grimthorpe. Its bell was named after Sir Benjamin Hall, a large and somewhat ponderous man, the first Commissioner of Works when it was hung. It weighs 13¼ tons. Permanently installed inside the tower is a microphone used by the B.B.C. to broadcast the chimes. These were transmitted for the first time on New Year's Eve, 1923.

To reach the clock, there are 374 steps. Adjoining the first floor of the clock tower is a room in which refractory Members of Parliament may be confined. The last prisoner was Charles Bradlaugh in 1880. Detention ends with the session, if it is not sooner terminated by the House. Members of the public may not climb the Clock Tower unless accompanied by an M.P.

National symbols are subject to the accretions of legend and superstition. On the few times that Big Ben has stopped, many people have regarded it as an omen of ill luck. In December 1861, the Prince Consort lay on his deathbed; the mechanism of the clock went wrong and it chimed a hundred times in quick succession. In 1886, as Mr. Gladstone was introducing his Home Rule for Ireland Bill, the clock stopped. And the Bill was not passed. To-day Big Ben keeps accurate time to within a fifth of a second every 24 hours.

Extensive renovations were carried out on Big Ben during 1956; while it was silent its place was taken by Great Tom in St. Paul's belfry. War damage to the top balustrade was repaired—the clock was temporarily put out of action in the last war by the blast of a flying bomb. The mechanism of the clock was renewed where necessary. It bears the inscription—"This clock was made in the Year of Our Lord 1854 by Frederick Dent of the Strand and the Royal Exchange, Clockmaker to the Queen."

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: An illustration of the new Palace of Westminster, dating from 1858, shows that the clock had still to be placed in position. *Left*—Edmund Beckett Denison, later the first Baron Grimthorpe, was the designer of Big Ben.

AT NIGHT: The light above the clock shows the Houses of Parliament is in session; it stays on until the Members rise.

IN THE LONDON OF QUEEN VICTORIA: Dating from 1852, the illustration shows Queen Victoria driving back to Buckingham Palace after opening Parliament. Right is the half-completed clock tower. Big Ben is situated 180 ft. above the ground.

Satire on Fleet Street

"The World of Paul Slickey," a Musical by John Osborne, Opens in Bournemouth

Great care has been taken to ensure no criticism appeared in the National Press of the new musical *The World of Paul Slickey*, before it opens in London in May at the Palace Theatre. There is an agreement with the Society of West End theatre managers that comment on performances of plays on pre-London tours is restricted to gossip and biographical notes. A bigger veil of secrecy than usual has been drawn over *The World of Paul Slickey* owing to the great amount of publicity it has already received; the musical satirises the doings of a Fleet Street gossip-writer. On the morning after the opening night in Bournemouth, two of the popular London National morning newspapers, the names of whose gossip columnists appear to have been amalgamated to form the name of the eponymous hero of the new musical, carried much comment. One of them was loud in condemnation of the false idea, compounded of much drinking of whisky and amorous encounters, which the musical gave of the life of such a journalist. The play tilts at subjects favoured by the author for attack—religion, politics, and popular music.

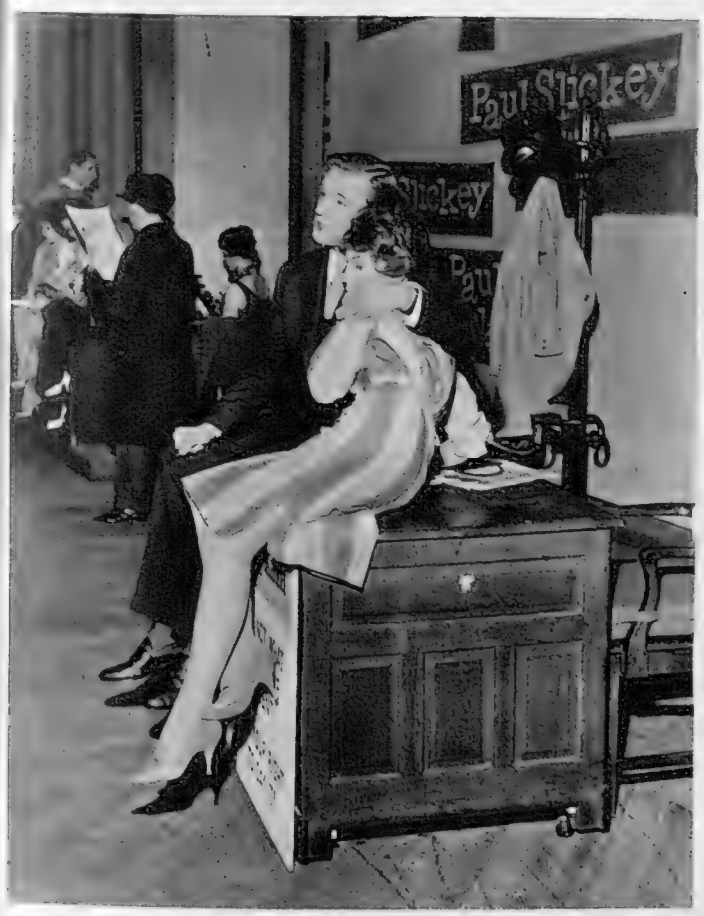
JOHN OSBORNE'S MUSICAL: In a controversial scene from *The World of Paul Slickey*, mourners carrying a coffin start to dance in "the funeral ballet." The scene soon changes rapidly into a cocktail party. Said to satirise the world of a Fleet Street gossip-writer, the musical opened in Bournemouth on a provincial tour before coming to London in May. Although the musical, the first by the author, famous for his play *Look Back in Anger*, was enthusiastically applauded on its first night, several members of the audience walked out.

On right—

PAUL SLICKEY: In the part of the Fleet Street columnist is the popular singer, Denis Lotis, in his first acting role on the stage. The music is by Christopher Whelan.

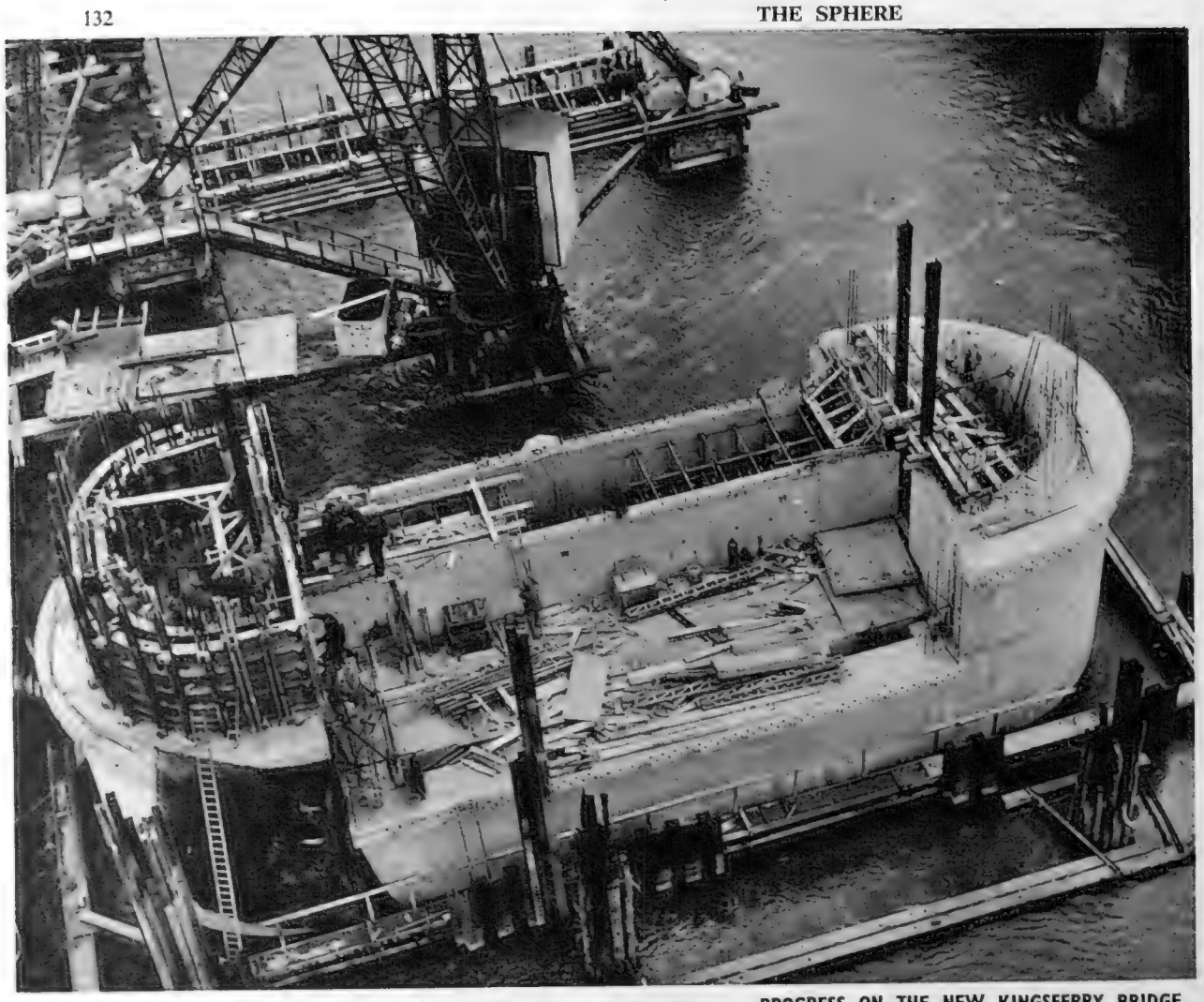
IN THE CAST OF THE NEW MUSICAL: Adrienne Corri, playing one of the leading roles, is seen leaning against Jack Watling.

A LOVE SCENE: On the couch are Denis Lotis, as Paul Slickey, and Maureen Quinney, one of several women in his life. The sets are by Sir Hugh Casson.



THE "DAILY RACKET" OFFICES: Paul Slickey sits on his desk with his secretary, played by Irene Hamilton. The name Paul Slickey seems to be an amalgam of the names of two gossip columnists.

REHEARSING FOR THE OPENING NIGHT IN BOURNEMOUTH: At the Pavilion Theatre, John Osborne, the author (left, holding the script), rehearses members of the cast. Already the subject of much publicity, it seems likely that the musical will prove as controversial as his other work has been.



PROGRESS ON THE NEW KINGSFERRY BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER SWALE AT SHEPPEY: The base of the second of the two 100-ft.-high towers, which will raise the centre span of the new bridge vertically to a height of 95 ft. above high water, is almost completed. The first tower, from the top of which this picture was taken, is already in position. *On left*—Huge cranes are used in the construction of the new bridge which will replace the present one in linking the Isle of Sheppey with the Kentish mainland. On the right traffic approaches the bridge now in use. The fairway of the existing bridge is too narrow for the safe passage of the larger ships now using the Swale. The overall length of the new vertical-lift bridge will be 650 ft., with a fairway of 95 ft. Over it will run a railway track, a 24-ft.-wide carriageway and a 6-ft. path. New approach roads being built will be three miles long. The towers which will raise the centre span are operated by electrical machinery housed in their bases. In conjunction with the building of the bridge, a tunnel is being bored underneath to carry electrical, gas and water mains across to the island. The bridge, costing approximately £1,000,000, is expected to be in use late this year.

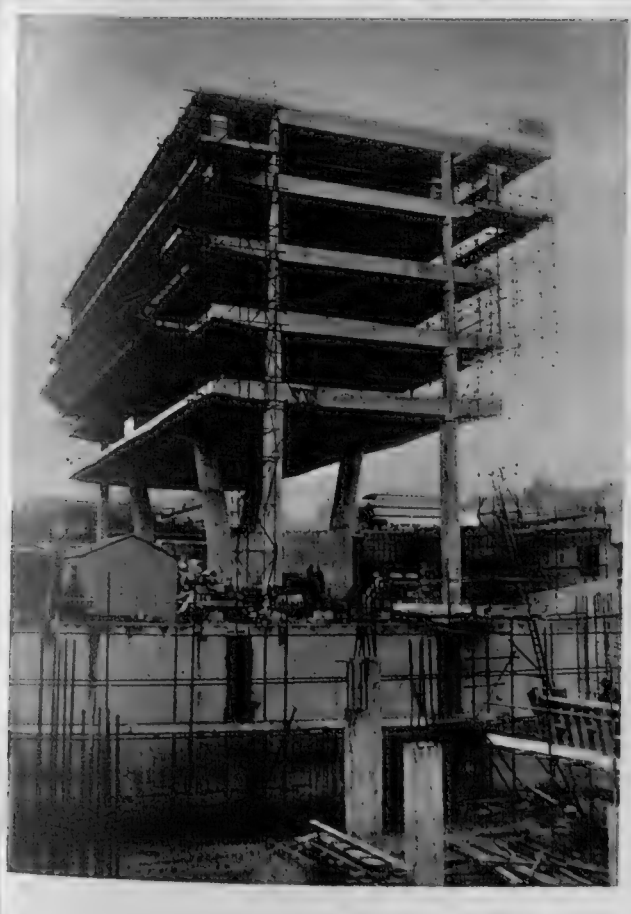
ONE OF THE LIFTING TOWERS: Standing 100 ft. high, the tower will help to raise the centre span of the bridge vertically to a height of 95 ft. above high water.

TRAFFIC RELIEF

A New Bridge in Kent; Birmingham's Ring Road

Work began on the Birmingham inner ring road just over two years ago. The formal inauguration of the scheme was marred by a mishap. When Mr. Harold Watkinson, the Minister of Transport, pressed the plunger to set off a charge to blow up an old wall, the explosion was far more powerful than anticipated. Debris showered on spectators and two of them were injured. However, in spite of pessimists, this was not an ill-omen. Since then work on the £15,000,000 project has gone ahead steadily and sections of the road are nearing completion. The highway is designed not only to ease traffic congestion in the second largest city of Britain. It also makes ingenious use of available space for buildings. In the area of Hurst Street and Hill Street a block of offices is being built on stilts to straddle the road and will eventually be extended on each side. Below it is one of the many pedestrian subways which are a feature of the scheme. In this particular well-lit and spacious subway an arcade of shops is being established.

EASING THE FLOW OF TRAFFIC IN BRITAIN'S SECOND LARGEST CITY: Cars pass along John Bright Street, in Birmingham. In the background is a nearly-completed section of the new inner ring road, designed to relieve congestion in the central parts of the city. Cost of the scheme, which was started two years ago, is estimated at £15,000,000.



AN INGENIOUS DESIGN FOR MAKING THE BEST USE OF AVAILABLE SPACE: Beyond the site on which work is in progress on the Birmingham ring road rises the skeleton of a block of offices. This will straddle across the road. *On left*—A close-up view of the office block shows the supports or "stilts" which will hold it above the highway.

VICISSITUDES AT PORTHCAWL

Once a Failure as a Coal Port, the Welsh Coastal Town Became a "Respectable" Holiday Resort and is To-day a Thriving Seaside Town

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

WHEN I was a boy in Wales, the family used to be taken (though not every year by any means) for a summer holiday at the seaside. We lived in a pretty isolated part, mountainous and sparsely populated, where Welsh was the normal language of day-to-day intercourse. There must have been, in those days and in those parts, a good many people who had little English; or none at all. To-day, everybody can speak English, but Welsh remains the normal, everyday, speech of the "locals"; a fact which never fails to cause the English tourist intense surprise. However, the point I want to make has nothing to do with the astonishment of English tourists, it is that I remember those seaside holidays most vividly; much more vividly, I feel sure, than would be the case had we lived in a town on a railway line, with the bustle of traffic passing through, new faces constantly coming and going.

Our seaside holidays were spent, for the most part, at Welsh coastal resorts. Why this should have been so I cannot explain, for some of them must have been much more difficult to reach from where we lived than some English coastal resorts. But so it was: and I have vivid childhood memories of Llanfairfechan and Penmaenmawr, Barmouth and Criccieth, Tenby and Porthcawl. With each there is associated some particular memory, some particular incident, that made a deep impression on me at the time. I do not mean to say that there was anything exciting or even startling, but with each place there was something, no matter how insignificant, which has proved unforgettable, so that when I hear the name of the place or see the name in print, I at once recall the incident, and there comes to my mind's eye a clear picture not only of the incident, but also of the place itself.

I have been to all but one of those coastal resorts a number of times since my initial youthful visit, to one or two of them many times, and in every case, even when the first return visit was made only after a gap of many years—and it must have been at least thirty in the case of Criccieth—I could find the scene of the incident without much difficulty. The essence of the place had not altered. The one place I had never been back to was Porthcawl. I have been close to it, when motoring along A.48 to Swansea or Llanelly, or going to the Gower for a brief holiday, times without number. Every time I have seen the signpost to Porthcawl, there has leapt to my mind the picture of my Aunt Myfanwy and the incident in which she was involved, and a clear picture of the little bit of Porthcawl where it took place. I should think that every time I have passed that signpost I have said to myself: "Ah, that's where Aunt Myfanwy . . . ." So it was with very real anticipation that a week or two ago I turned left off the A.48 to spend a week-end in Porthcawl.

Needless to say I did not recognise it. I have no idea where the incident concerning my Aunt Myfanwy, which made so deep an impression on me, took place. It was of all of them the only one that was sufficiently out of the ordinary to be called startling, and was therefore all the more memorable. Tenby, Barmouth, and the rest, have not changed all that much in my lifetime: some modern buildings, brighter shops, better lighting, that sort of thing, but they have remained recognisably the same places as those of my childhood. Not so Porthcawl. The place was so entirely different, at first glance, from my memory-picture that I felt I had made a mistake, that I had come to the wrong place, that this was not the seaside resort where my Aunt Myfanwy forgot herself.

I suppose that I was nine, maybe ten, when I was previously in Porthcawl, and my memory is of a dock and some wharves and tramlines. I cannot say that I remember a ship or a sailor or even a tram, but the picture in my mind is definitely that of a port rather than a seaside resort. There is not a sign of a port now. I do not know that there is anyone living in Porthcawl now who can remember the port in action, though I am sure that there must be, but there are still people in Porthcawl who can remember it derelict and who could tell me that my childhood memory was pretty accurate. We must have been there, I reckon, the year before they began to tidy it up.

As a port Porthcawl was never very successful. It came into being in 1825, when it became necessary to transport the iron and coal worked in the Maesteg Valley and a railway was built from Duffryn Llynfi. A jetty was built and a certain amount of dredging was done in the bay, and all of this must have been fairly successful. For about 1866 a small dock with an area of 7½ acres was built and a sheltering breakwater erected. And it was really from the day that they did this that Porthcawl as a port began to decline. The dock proved to be very difficult, and often impossible, to enter in rough weather, and rough weather can spring up very suddenly in Porthcawl, as notices in hotel bedrooms warn the guests. For all that, Porthcawl carried on a coastal trade and a limited trade with the smaller ports on the North Devon coast until 1889. In that year the first dock was opened at Barry—it is not generally known that at the time Barry Dock was the largest in the world—and that was not the sort of competition that Porthcawl could face.

But Porthcawl, its ambition to become one of the great seaports of South Wales utterly destroyed by the enterprise of Barry, yet turned defeat into victory. It might be taken as an outstanding example of the triumph of courage in face of adversity. But something more than mere courage was needed. The man who, in the middle '90's, decided to turn Porthcawl into a seaside resort had a psychological understanding of his countrymen so penetrating that it amounted to genius. He had nothing to work on: a port that was a dismal failure and, on fine days, a good view of the North Devon coast, but a view which was shared by at least a dozen other places along this shore. He did not attempt to give it anything else—except respectability.

If you read guide-books to South Wales published at the turn of the century, published at any time during the first decade of this century, you will find nothing complimentary about Porthcawl itself: "sad-toned sea-front of hotels and lateral streets of lodging-houses," "unlovely watering-place," "dingy but select," and so on. Hardly one of them so much as mentions the views (which can be magnificent), but every one of them uses the word "select" and one also throws in the word "respectable" for good measure. By the middle years of the opening decade of this century Porthcawl had acquired (in Wales) a tremendous reputation for respectability. It was the "select" resort. There could have been no surer foundation for success. The Welsh have an almost idolatrous respect for respectability.

This was why we went there. Looking back, I feel sure that we did so at the instigation of my Aunt Myfanwy, a small—and voluble—spinster who had a passionate regard for respectability and who would sometimes make my life burdensome with her insistence on the "correct" thing to do. Porthcawl must then have been so select as to be dull, for I cannot remember a single thing about that holiday, except the incident. A man was whacking a dog (which no doubt deserved chastisement): my Aunt rushed across and hit him with her umbrella, and then stood in front of him, small and stiff with indignation, letting out a stream of Welsh; a sure sign that she really meant business. He just stood there open-mouthed. Probably he did not understand a word of Welsh. But he may have been dumbfounded by her erudition. For she used quite a lot of words which I had hitherto heard only from the farmworkers in moments of stress. I did not know what they meant, and I had never liked to ask, having a suspicion, I suppose, that they were not "proper" words. However, if Aunt Myfanwy used them they should have been all right; so on the way back I asked what they meant—and got a smack with the umbrella. No wonder I remember Porthcawl.

Though that man may not have understood a word of Welsh, Porthcawl was then, I think, still a Welsh resort; Welsh in atmosphere. I do not know when it ceased to be: probably when it became a suburb, so to speak, of both Cardiff and Swansea (it lies about midway between the two). This happened in the '20's. It had by then so firmly established a reputation as a "select" place that the successful businessman came to live there, going daily to work in Cardiff or Swansea. If you read books about South Wales, published at this time, you will still find rather uncomplimentary remarks about Porthcawl itself—"commonplace-looking," and so forth—some high praise for the golf course (which is one of the best in Wales), and, inevitably, some sarcastic remarks about the "smart set of Cardiff." There is no longer the emphasis on respectability.

Following the Second World War came another change. The great steel works at Margam are, so to speak, just round the corner and many of the executives live in Porthcawl. They have brought with them that special "executive" atmosphere that you find in high-class suburbs everywhere. Certainly there is now nothing Welsh about Porthcawl, as there is about Barmouth or Criccieth or Llanfairfechan. If you speak Welsh in Porthcawl (I tried) you will be greeted with a blank stare. If it were not for the view, and an occasional Welsh accent, you might be on the Kent coast within commuting distance of London.

You can have your own views as to whether this is a good thing or not. But I do not think that even the most soured writer of guide-books could be other than complimentary about modern Porthcawl. Out of season, at any rate, it is one of the freshest and cleanest little seaside towns I have been in for a very long time. It has two fine promenades—one of them the old dockside (the inner dock has been filled in altogether)—and there are pleasant shelters and an imposing Pavilion. It is all nicely laid out, and there are some very nice modern houses overlooking the sea, though they are packed a bit too closely together to please a gardener. Obviously, there is no longer any need to stress the respectability of Porthcawl. You can see, at a glance, that it is very select.

But do not be misled by appearances (as one might have been by my Aunt Myfanwy): Porthcawl may be very select, but it is in the seaside holiday business in a big way. It has not, I think, forgotten the past. Barry Dock killed seaport Porthcawl. Barry Island has, for years, been the pleasure ground of South Wales and the Valleys. But quiet, select Porthcawl also has its pleasure fair—called Coney Beach. Porthcawl, I think, is getting its own back on Barry: just a bit.

ESTABLISHING THE LARGE COPPER BUTTERFLY: Volunteers from universities and schools, during part of the Easter vacation, clear the Copper Field, an area of Wood Walton Fen in Huntingdonshire, of sallow and birch bushes. The work is being carried out to assist the large copper to establish itself in the area. Now designated as extinct, the native large copper was abundant in the Fens up to about 1830; with the reclamation of the fenland, it became increasingly rare, although the species still occurs in many places in Europe. Attempts have been made to establish the Dutch large copper in Britain, since there are still areas of marshy country where the butterfly's food—the great water-dock—is to be found.

Modern Churches in Essex and London

The New St. Paul's at Harlow; The Danish Seamen's Church in Stepney; and Figures for a New Church at Hammersmith

INSIDE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH AT HARLOW: In place of an east window John Piper has designed a mosaic mural to cover the wall. It depicts the risen Christ with His disciples on the walk to Emmaus after the Resurrection. All the other ornaments and furnishings for the interior of the church have been designed by the architect, Mr. R. W. Hurst. Although the church is cruciform in shape with tall windowed walls, there is no chancel, the choir being accommodated in the gallery which spans the entire north side of the church. Colour is a feature of the interior, with red, blue, yellow, black and white predominating. For the time being the organ screen has been fitted with dummy pipes until there is sufficient money to pay for the installation of the organ. The consecration of St. Paul's by the Bishop of Chelmsford, Dr. Falkner Allison, was arranged for last Sunday. It is the latest of a considerable number of permanent churches to have been completed or proposed in the diocese of Chelmsford since the end of the war. In addition, there have been many dual-purpose buildings erected in the county to serve both as church and parish hall. Other churches have been restored after war damage.

A NEW CHURCH FOR A NEW TOWN: St. Paul's Church at Harlow New Town, in Essex, is one of several which the Diocese of Chelmsford has built to cater for the growing populations in new housing areas. It is built of yellow London stock brick and surmounted by a slender spire. The bell tower is connected to the church by a covered way.

On left—

A NEW CENTRE FOR DANISH SEAMEN IN LONDON: On the left is the Seamen's Church, in Stepney, which was due to be consecrated last Sunday in the presence of the King and Queen of Denmark. The building on the right is the new social centre.

FIGURES FOR A NEW LONDON CHURCH: Mr. Alfred Banks is examining one of the three clay models of the figures which he is making for the new St. Katherine's Church, on West Way, in Hammersmith, West London. They are, from left: St. Katherine, St. Michael and St. Andrew. In each case the figure is shown with his or her particular symbol. St. Katherine is depicted with the wheel on which she was put to death; St. Michael stands on the devil he overcame, and St. Andrew with the cross on which he was crucified.

THE INTERIOR OF THE NEW DANISH CHURCH: The picture was taken before the completion of the furnishings. Eventually, the cross over the stone altar will be replaced by a crucifix. On the left are the wooden figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, which were carved in the late seventeenth century. Between the figures and the altar is the small font. Inside the church there is room for sixty people. Sliding doors connect the church with the assembly hall, which accommodates ninety more.

THE PATTERN OF AN ITALIAN HILL VILLAGE: Built along the crest of a hill overlooking the upper valley of the River Tiber is the village of Bomarzo. It is not far from Chiusi and Viterbo, some 90 miles to the north of Rome. Most inhabitants are engaged in the vineyards producing Orvieto.

MONUMENTS FROM THE PAST: At Bomarzo are a palace, villa and park which are said to have belonged to the Orsini family, one of the most ancient names in the Italian aristocracy. The park contains much strangely carved statuary.

BEASTS FROM MYTHOLOGY: Two villagers of Bomarzo, seated on a donkey, look at a group of statuary, known as "The Dragon Crushing the Young Lion." The sculpture, much of which is very large, was carved out of local volcanic rock.

In the hills to the north of Rome are small hill villages depending for their existence on the cultivation of vineyards. The square, several storied houses with their nearly flat roofs, cluster along the roads which link them to the nearest towns. Little visited by tourists unless there is some antiquity mentioned by guide-books, these hill villages present a somewhat dilapidated appearance to the casual traveller; the woodwork of the houses blistered by the hot sun and the whitewash faded by the weather. One such village is Bomarzo, straggling along the crest of a hill overlooking the valley of the upper Tiber, some 14 miles from Chiusi, the chief town of the province, and not far from Viterbo.

Its 1,700 inhabitants are predominantly engaged in the vineyards, which produce the wine called "Orvieto." Although a typical village, it does possess one distinction. Dominating the houses is a group of buildings with a surrounding park and woods. There is a palace, consisting of two main buildings connected by balconies and terraces; in the high, large rooms are several paintings and a collection of Etruscan art. Not far away is another smaller building, called a villa, connected by an underground passage to the palace. Surrounding these structures are parkland and woods, full of large, rather crude, stone sculptures, many of them with a somewhat horrific aspect.

The mayor of the village has been engaged in the renovation and reconstruction of the buildings, in the hope of attracting tourists to Bomarzo. Little is known about the origin of the palace and the park with its strange figures. Locally it is believed that the palace—possibly a summer residence—belonged to the Orsini family. This famous and ancient aristocratic family was certainly dominant in the area, and in the grounds is a representation of the globe surmounted by a castle and resting on the head of a dolphin—the Orsini emblem. Much of Italy's history is hidden in the conflicts of the city states and communes of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

At Bracciano, a small town on the shores of a lake about half-way between Rome and Viterbo, is the Castello degli Orsini, built at the end of the fifteenth century, and a magnificent example of a renaissance baronial castle. Many of the rooms are decorated with frescoes by Zuccari. The Orsini family was connected with Bracciano until 1696. Not far away at Trevignano is a ruined castle of the Orsinis. Just to the south of Rome, near the Papal summer residence at Castel Gandolfo, is Marino. This was a stronghold of the Orsini family. In 1347, Giordano Orsini, driven out of Rome by Rienzi, was besieged in vain in his stronghold by the tribune. Many of the inhabitants took part in the Battle of Lepanto in 1571 against the Turks.

Against this background it appears possible that the buildings at Bomarzo were connected in some way with the Orsinis; as a powerful feudal family active in the area, they, or branches connected with them, would have undertaken much building either for defensive purposes or for occasional residence. Bomarzo commands extensive views of the upper Tiber Valley. Inside the palace, said to have been built in the early sixteenth century, are paintings attributed to Zuccari, one of two brothers who worked on the Vatican; frescoes at Bracciano are also attributed to Zuccari. Locally in Bomarzo, the palace is attributed to the Italian architect Da Vignola, who succeeded Michelangelo in the construction of the Vatican. But there is no evidence to support this hypothesis.

An air of mystery also surrounds the origins of the villa—regarded by the villagers as the love-nest of one of the Orsinis—and the strange statuary in the park. It seems possible that these may have been sculpted by Turkish prisoners captured at Lepanto. It is difficult to see that they were imported since they are carved out of local volcanic stone. Possibly ordered as an extravaganza to titillate visitors, the statues to-day present a strange and somewhat primitive appearance to the onlooker. Unfortunately, unless serious research is undertaken into their origins, the palace and grounds seem likely to preserve their air of mystery.

THE EMBLEM OF THE ORSINI FAMILY: The world is surmounted by a castle and supported on the head of a dolphin. It is the badge of the ancient Orsini family.

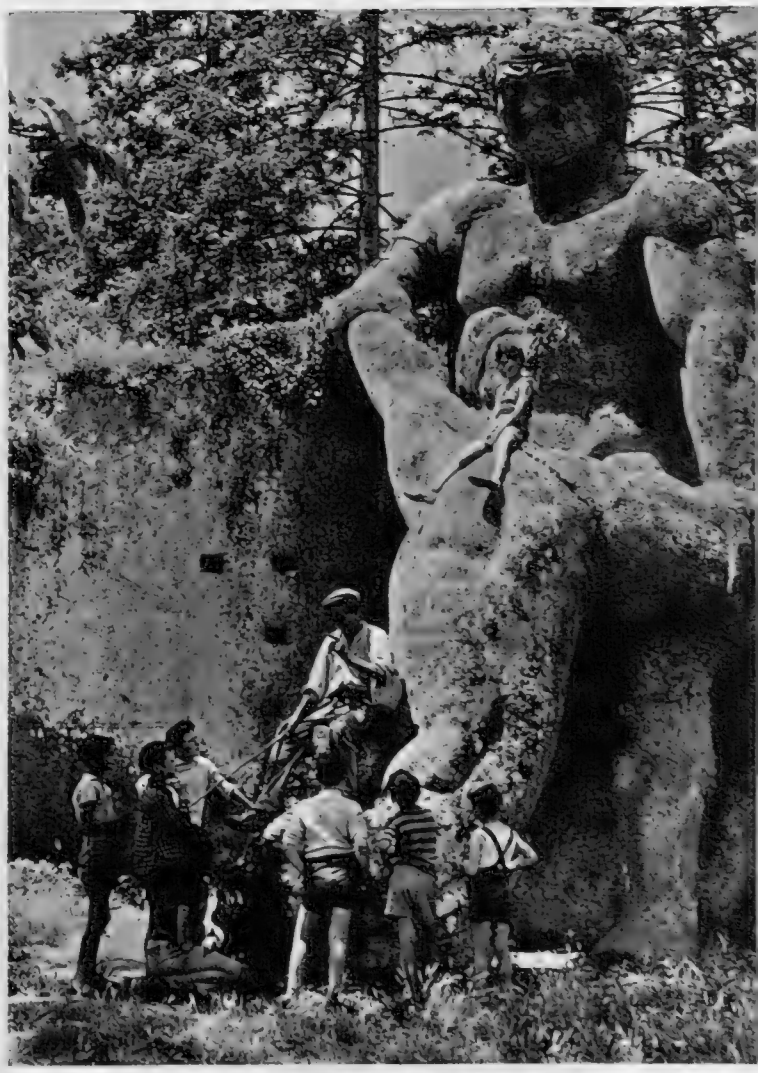
IDD AMONG THE TREES OF THE PARK: Village children look at the carved stone presenting a dragon attacking a lion. Locally the grounds are known the Park of Monsters—believed to have been designed to frighten visitors.

OGRE AND TEMPLE: A flock of sheep is driven past the ogre's mouth. Right background is a small temple, which contains a picture of the Virgin Mary painted on a roof-tile.

MYSTERY AT BOMARZO

...tions Concerning the Origins of the Palace and Strange ...tatues in the Adjoining Park in the Italian Village

THE PARK OF MONSTERS": In the foreground is an elephant curling its trunk round a Roman soldier, with (left) the dragon and young lion and the ogre's head. The palace and villa have been undergoing repairs and restoration, in the hope that they might attract tourists. Little is known about the origins of the buildings.



A GIGANTIC WRESTLER: Children listen to one of the villagers seated on the statue. The carvings may have been done in the sixteenth century by Turkish prisoners of war.

The Sphere of Travel

THE SOUTH OF ITALY

The Resorts, Cathedrals and Castles of the Province of Apulia, in the "Heel" of Italy

By GORDON COOPER

THE HARBOUR AT TRANI: Small boats lie reflected in the calm water at the southern Italian coastal town. In the centre background is the cathedral, begun in 1094 above an earlier church with Roman columns. Its campanile, built in the thirteenth century, has recently been restored. There are also four surviving Romanesque churches.

RECENTLY, a planned opportunity enabled me to revisit the vast province of Apulia, the "heel" of Italy. I think it offers so much in the way of interesting buildings that the enterprising traveller can hardly fail to feel rewarded by results. For the exploration of this country of great rolling downs, which, as in the days of Strabo and Pliny, are still famous for their sheep, Bari is undoubtedly the best centre, not least because with rare exceptions elsewhere it is adequately served with hotels. I suggest, though, that a few days might also be spent in the city of Lecce, which possesses a more representative collection of baroque buildings than any other town in Italy, a characteristic which caused it to be called "Baroque Florence" by Gregorovius, while due to its intellectual traditions it deserves the appellative "The Athens of Apulia." Lecce offers a mixture of beauty and cheerfulness, of courtesy and content. It has to-day an excellent Jolly Hotel.

Historical memories in Apulia echo down through the ages with a peculiar insistence, starting from pre-historic settlements, followed by the Hellenes, to whom it was part of the beautiful and much-praised Magna Graecia, of which there are, however, few remains. Next came the Romans, the Ostrogoths, the Longobards and the Byzantines, then the Normans, to whom we are indebted for so many of the lovely cathedrals, and the Swabians, who brought a long period of prosperity and peace, and whose outstanding ruler, Frederick II (1194-1250), was one of the figures of his age. Men called him *Stupor Mundi*—the "Wonder of the World." Recommended reading about the great Emperor is *Frederick II of Hohenstaufen*, by Georgina Masson (Secker and Warburg. 35s.).

The big port city of Bari is a minor metropolis. It was here that Virgil died on his return from Greece in 19 B.C. But although it is as old as any place in Apulia, Bari is a double city. There is the new town and the old city, standing upon its triangular promontory thrusting out into the sea. A curiously fascinating place, it is very ancient, and can boast of several noble churches, a great castle, and the shrine of one of the most famous saints in the calendar. You should not miss attending the procession of St. Nicholas, held annually in May.

But the main tourist appeal of Bari lies in its convenience for excursions. From the city there is a network of rail and bus services, although, undoubtedly, a self-drive car is the ideal way for getting around. Within easy reach, for instance, are the towns of Bitetto, Bitonto, Ruvo, Altamura, Trani and Barletta, each with its great Norman cathedral. Then there are the various castles built by Frederick. Outstanding is the Castel del Monte, a massive octagonal building crowning an isolated peak on the Murge and planned by the Emperor as a hunting-lodge. Yet its history is chiefly linked with atrocities, for it was here that Manfred's (son of Frederick) sons were imprisoned for thirty years by Charles of Anjou. The castle is especially notable for its harmony of proportion, its fine windows in the Italian style, and the principal entrance. The interior, built round a courtyard, has two stories with spacious rooms. No place in Apulia fascinates me more than this desolate building, which has survived the passage of time and the winds of this vast country.

Not far distant from Castel del Monte lies the site of Cannæ, the scene of the great victory by Hannibal over the Romans in 216 B.C. Some interesting excavations are now taking place in the immense Necropolis. Then, in nearby Barletta, there are memories of the famous "Challenge," when thirteen Italian knights and thirteen Frenchmen met in mortal combat, with the former as victors. Incidentally, a useful base for exploring this part of Apulia is Trani, a pleasant town with good bathing facilities, a Jolly Hotel, and perhaps the finest of all the Norman cathedrals in the province.

An attractive part of northern Apulia is the mountainous and rugged promontory of Gargano. Rodi-Garganico (simple hotels) is a pleasant seaside resort—it can be reached by train or bus from the main line station at S. Severo. From this port the escapist islands of the Trémitis can be reached by steamer service. The two main islands are San Dómino, with its pine woods, and San Nicola which offers many works of art, including the Church of Santa Maria, and the magnificent castle with its gigantic abbey building (in which I lodged simply). There are steep cliffs at the sea edge, and grottoes accessible by boat. There is an abundance of fish in the sea which is ideal for practising the sport of under-water exploration. I have gone into some detail about these islands, for no travel agent knows anything about them.

In the extensive area of the Umbra Forest, on the Gargano Promontory, there is an immense mantle of enormous beeches, pines, limes, laurels, maples, black and white hornbeams, yew-trees, ash-trees, cedars and chestnuts. It is a delightful spot for the forest-lover and is rarely visited by tourists. There is a pleasant hotel at Bosco Umbra (in the forest). Further inland is Monte S. Angelo, an important pilgrimage centre, with a remarkable sanctuary-cave. Then, some miles to the west, there is S. Giovanni Rotondo, the home of Father Pio, to whom people come from every part of the world.

Foggia, chief town of this northern province, is ancient but dull. Yet from it an excursion to Lucera and Troia is of interest. The remains of the Swabian fortress of Lucera are imposing, and those of the castle built by Frederick II in 1233 stand majestic and solitary on the sunny hill. In the heart of the city is the cathedral, a perfect and complete monument of the Angevin art of Southern Italy, constructed by Charles II of Anjou and reminiscent of a Saracen mosque. There is in addition a Roman amphitheatre, one of the oldest known. In nearby Troia the cathedral is of considerable interest.

***On left*—THE CATHEDRAL AT MOLFETTA: It is built in Romanesque style with three domes. The quarter of the town is round the fishing harbour.**

is one of the noblest buildings in Apulia, with glorious external sculptural decorations, great doors of bronze, a splendid rose window, and a fine ambo.

In the countryside south of Bari lie the remarkable grottoes of Castellana and Putignano, with outstanding displays of stalactites and stalagmites. Nearby, is the curious town of Alberobello, with its "trulli" houses. They are unique, yet little is known about the origin of their design or even the meaning of the name.

Brindisi, which Frederick II called "the white daughter of the sun," has not the importance it once possessed when it was a communications centre between the West and the Orient, but it merits a visit, for there are still memorials of the Crusades. The traditional procession of the "Horse Parade" which takes place every year on Corpus Christi seems to hark back to this period of history. It is worth while to make the short excursion outside of the city to see the Church of S. Maria del Casale (fourteenth century), for it is Brindisi's finest and most striking medieval monument.

Lastly, there is Lecce, a truly enchanting city, which first flourished when Greek colonies of Magna Graecia were scattered thickly over this Salentine peninsula. Here is a profusion of fanciful and unbridled baroque buildings. Its Roman past, too, is testified by an amphitheatre, theatre, and other remains. Among the churches, that of Saints Niccolo and Cataldo is magnificent as an example of the Roman-Gothic style, while Santa Croce is the best of the baroque. But perhaps the greatest joy is just to wander through the streets of palaces, now often given over to the peasant families whose washing festoons the balconies. One cannot help wondering who were the noble families who in their dozens seem to have owned and lived in these once sumptuous homes.

From Lecce, Otranto is easily reached. Its monumental cathedral possesses some fine mosaics and marble columns. On the road to the coast you pass through Galatina (fourteenth century) and Soleto, where there is, strangely enough, one of the most beautiful campaniles in all Italy. It was built in 1397, and is an architectural masterpiece. The only other place in the "heel" which merits mention is Oria, where is one of Frederick's largest castles, while in nearby Manduria there are megalithic walls, which bring home to us the achievements of that very mysterious race, the Messapi.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

Italian State Tourist Office, 201, *Regent Street, London, W.*1. Also from the provincial offices of the *Ente Provinciale per il Turismo in Bari, Brindisi, Lecce and Foggia.*

ABOUT HOTELS

In Apulia, there are Jolly Hotels at Brindisi, Lecce, Bari, Gallipoli, Trani, Gioia del Colle, Barletta and Foggia. There are also the Autostelli (of the Italian Automobile Club), which are open to non-members at Altamura, Castellana and San Menaio. I can also recommend the Palace Hotel and the Nazioni in Bari—the latter looks out over the harbour and adjoins the attractive Lungomare.

HOLIDAYS ALL OVER EUROPE

Gordon Cooper's latest book, *The Seaside Resorts of Europe* (Cassell. 15s.), is a detailed and factual account of resorts in Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden and Yugoslavia, with some information about Cyprus, Gibraltar, Greece and Malta. Avoiding the technicoloured description of the travel brochure, the book is neatly classified and arranged so that the reader may find all the requisite information about any one resort in clearly-set-out sections.

Above—BETWEEN BARI AND BRINDISI: In this belt of country are conical-roofed houses, which are scattered over the landscape. The walls are of great thickness.

B.E.A.'S INAUGURAL FLIGHT TO TANGIER BY VISCOUNT: Lord Douglas of Kirtleside, Chairman of British European Airways, thanks the Moroccan tourist authorities at a luncheon in Tangier. On his left is Lady Bowater, wife of Sir Noël Bowater, representing the City of London on the inaugural flight by the airliner from London to the Moroccan city.

DIRECT FLIGHTS FROM LONDON TO TANGIER

Tangier has been tamed. It is now a respectable seaside resort, with a fine stretch of golden sands and some excellent first-class hotels, only a five-hour-ten-minute flight away from London. Since the Moroccan Government took over from the International Consortium, the Belgian Chief of Police has done a fine job in cleaning up the town. The smugglers have gone, and the disreputable quarters have been cleared. Even the shoeblacks and touts seem to have been reduced in numbers. Although the money-changers remain, the Moroccan franc is gradually dominating the price-tags in the shops, and the confused mixture of Spanish pesetas, French francs, American dollars and pounds sterling is fast disappearing. The casino is temporarily housed in a building which was once a garage but is one of the brightest and nicest on the Mediterranean coastline. The director, M. de Vijver, has the right idea. He is providing an excellent dinner and floor show for 1,500 francs and is not encouraging professional gamblers. He wants his tables to be occupied by people who play for fun.

The night spots are many. There is La Koutoubia, where an extensive Moroccan entertainment is presented in a traditional atmosphere to the accompaniment of a reasonably-priced drink. There is also Le Consulat, a night-club which belongs to the El Minzah Hotel, somewhat more sophisticated compared with Las Conchas, on the beach, where a rather more earthy show is given. There is a splendid little guide just published in English by Michael Edmonds which supplies all the answers to the questions a visitor wants to know.

The El Minzah Hotel is still the best hotel in the town, although the Hotel Velasquez Palace and the Rif Hotel are two first-class alternatives which can be recommended. If you prefer to eat out, the Hotel Rembrandt is a good choice. A small suite can be obtained for 3,500 francs a day. There is no restaurant, only breakfast being served. The Villa de France is now called the Grand Hotel, and is quite a good second-class establishment overlooking the town, in a splendid position which has appealed in the past to many British holiday-makers.

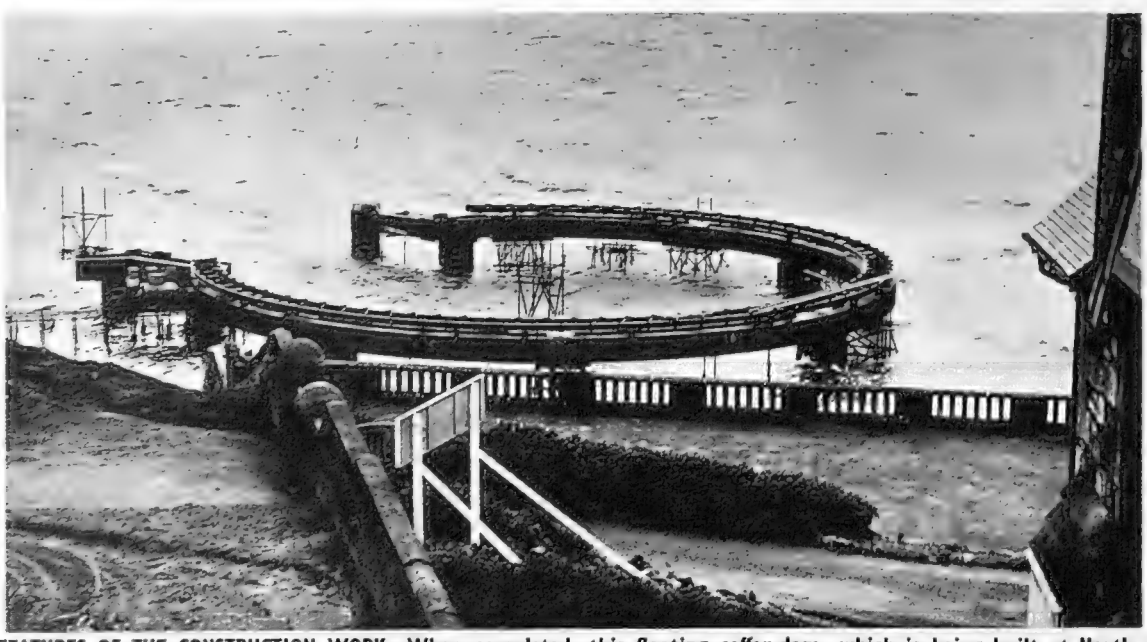
Because Tangier enjoys an Atlantic climate rather than a Mediterranean one, the high season is, curiously enough, July and August. I would choose May, June or September myself. It is not too hot then and a pleasant breeze usually blows from the west. The new direct service by British European Airways has cut the journey from eight to just over five hours. Instead of hanging about Gibraltar, waiting for a Dakota to take you over to Tangier, the same Viscount which flew you down from London will continue a half-hour later to Tangier. There are six direct flights a week via Gibraltar, three by day and three by night. Two others are available via Madrid and Gibraltar. One travel agency quotes a fifteen-day holiday in Tangier, staying at the Rif Hotel, facing the beach, in a room with bath, for £88 10s. That is flying by the night tourist air service. Day tourist will cost £12 more. W. D. C. C.

SIGHTSEEING IN THE OLD CITY OF TANGIER: Members of the party on the inaugural flight look over a balustrade in the Casbah. Background, left, is part of the harbour. The flights, operated by B.E.A. in association with Gibraltar Airways, take about three hours less than their old schedule of over eight hours. There are eight flights a week.

Construction of the Forth Road Bridge

Work Progresses on the £15,100,000 Scheme

PROGRESS ON THE FORTH ROAD BRIDGE: These temporary causeways, jutting out into the River Forth from the north and south banks, are used for carrying materials to the sites of the main piers of the Forth Road Bridge. In the background on the far south bank is Port Edgar. *On right*—The well in front of the crane is 120 ft. deep and gives access to the inner ends of the two tunnels made for the anchorage of the bridge at its northern end. Behind is the impressive steelwork of the Forth railway bridge. Work started on the new bridge, which is of the suspension type, in September of last year and is expected to be completed in the autumn of 1963. It will have a centre span of 3,300 ft. and side spans of 1,340 ft., giving a total length of 5,980 ft. Approach roads, twelve miles long, are being built and existing ones improved. The bridge will have two 24-ft.-wide carriageways, two 9-ft. cycle tracks and two 6-ft. pathways. The total cost of the project will be £15,100,000, towards which the Government is making a grant of £4,650,000.



FEATURES OF THE CONSTRUCTION WORK: When completed, this floating coffer-dam, which is being built at North Queensferry, will be towed across to the other side of the river to be used in constructing the south main pier. *On right*—The tunnel has been blasted out of the rock to hold the anchorage of one of the bridge's 29-in.-thick cables. The net over the mouth of the tunnel catches any large fragments of rock dislodged during blasting.

"DIESELISATION"—AN UGLY WORD FOR A BIG JOB

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

IT seemed rather odd, early this year, when one of the largest of the Government loans yet made under the Distribution of Industry Acts to assist industry "in places of heavy and persistent unemployment" was offered to a company that was busy with orders on its books worth £14,000,000. In and around Glasgow, certainly, unemployment is high; but the difficulties of the North British Locomotive Company arose not from lack of work to do, but from the complexity and cost of changing over to do more of one kind of work than it had ever done before. It was not the only British locomotive maker for which the large access of home orders received under the re-equipment programme of British Railways has presented some problems of digestion, technical and financial.

North British accepted a loan of £1,750,000 from the Treasury, and at the same time borrowed £500,000 from the General Electric Company, one of its electrical suppliers, and obtained overdraft facilities of £1,500,000 from the Clydesdale and North of Scotland Bank. It needed this financial assistance partly because at the beginning of last year British Railways ceased their previous practice of making progress payments to companies engaged on building equipment for them. The "working capital" required to finance manufacture of expensive items such as locomotives—which may cost well over £50,000 apiece—until they are delivered and paid for can be very large: North British has put it as £1,400,000 for an order of fifty main-line diesel locomotives, which may take two years to complete. Most of the other manufacturers of locomotives serving the Transport Commission are departments or associates of very large electrical engineering groups, fairly well able to finance even big contracts such as these out of their own resources. North British, as an independent manufacturer, was less comfortably placed.

The problems of the "dieselisation" of a large part of the British railway system have not been simply financial. The decision to cease manufacturing steam locomotives for this country, taken in 1955, and gradually to replace these with diesel and later with electric traction, meant a huge opportunity for Britain's locomotive industry; it also required a good deal of reorganisation and re-equipment of factories. Even to end making steam locomotives, with existing programmes of replacement already in progress, took a long time; the last one, No. 92250, rolled out of the London Midland railway workshops at Crewe on December 15 last year.

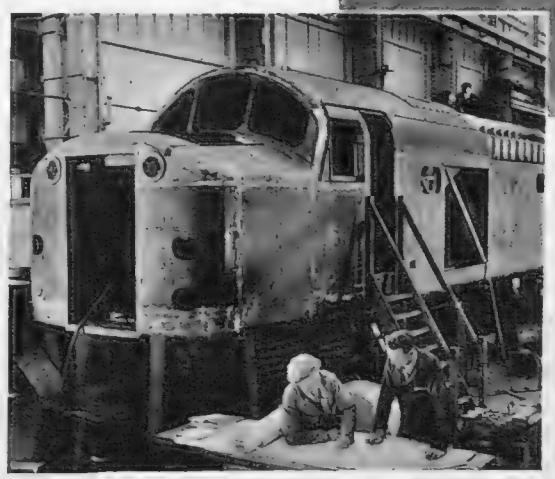
Diesels of different kinds, and electric locomotives, were not as new a proposition for Britain's private builders as to a large extent they were for the railways' own workshops. English Electric, one of the first and to-day perhaps the largest British manufacturer, produced its first diesel-electric locomotive in 1928. By the mid-'30's main-line and industrial types were in production; and most of the builders began making diesels shortly after the war. North British, for example, has been building them since 1950.

Technical know-how, therefore, was not lacking; but experience in building large numbers of standard locomotives at a high rate was hard to come by—largely as the result of the manufacturing policy of British Railways, before nationalisation as well as since. Since the '70's railway authorities in this country had relied mainly upon their own railway workshops for standard (steam) locomotives; the private builders received orders in dribs and drabs, but had mainly to look outwards, to the export market. Few other industries in this country have achieved so much in overseas sales while virtually "without a home market"; and the demands of different railway systems right across the world prevented the private builders from being lulled into the complacency about traditional British locomotives that affected much of British railway management. Nevertheless, by nature the dependence upon export told against development of standard designs, or organisation of flow-line production; orders came in small, diverse batches, sometimes "one-off," with few the same as each other.

The lack of a strong basic home market, and the long delay before Britain decided to follow most other advanced countries away from the steam locomotive, did mean that Britain was not the most fruitful ground for the development of diesel and electric traction technique. The first successful petrol-electric railcars, early this century, had been run on the old L.N.E.R.; but the main technical development of diesel-electric traction occurred between the wars in Switzerland, Sweden, and Germany, and the development of large-scale production of these locomotives did not come until the mid-'30's and later, when General Motors Electromotive Division and other manufacturers served the rapid "dieselisation" of America's railway system.

"Dieselisation" of part of British Railways, again, will be comparatively rapid: about 150 of the 900-odd locomotives now on order will have been delivered by the middle of this year, and the last of these will probably be delivered by 1961. Over the following decade, probably another 1,500 or more will come into service. The private locomotive manufacturers are building about 275 big main-line diesels for British Railways this year, along with many shunters, and locomotives for export; this is expected to be roughly their peak rate of delivery for the home railways during the whole fifteen-year programme of re-equipment. So far, the Transport Commission has been planning to make about a third of the locomotives in its own workshops—though manufacture there means big sub-contracting orders for industry outside, the whole of the electrical gear being "brought-in" for Crewe and Swindon.

Most of the private builders of diesel locomotives stem either from the heavy electrical engineering industry alone, such as English Electric; or from links between electrics and traditional locomotive manufacture, such as Metropolitan-Vickers-Beyer, Peacock. Birmingham Railway Carriage and Wagon, one of the independents, obtains the Swiss-designed diesel engines

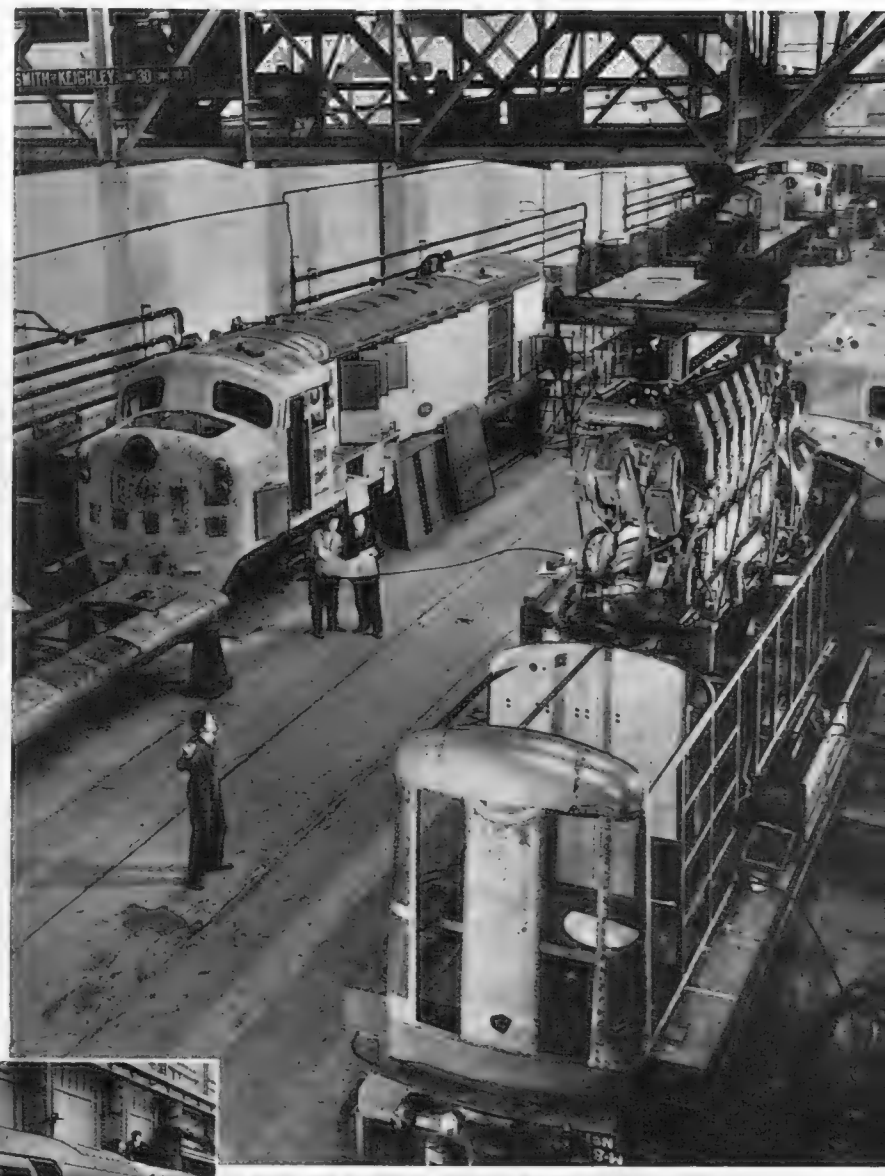


AT THE VULCAN FOUNDRY AT NEWTON-LE-WILLOWS: A 2,000-h.p. type 4 diesel-electric locomotive is in course of erection. Fifty of these locomotives have been built or are on order for the Eastern Region of British Railways.

that it uses from Vickers-Armstrongs. North British itself builds under licence the M.A.N. diesel engines that it puts into its locomotives; it has large orders for diesel-electrics, as well as for diesel-hydraulic locomotives, of which it is the only builder in this country. The different ways in which one can harness the power of the diesel prime movers to drive the wheels of the engine all have their advocates among manufacturers here, and preferences also differ among their customers, the various regions of British Railways; but in ordering, the Transport Commission has had to be concerned with capacity to build the engines fast as well as with the hotly-disputed technical excellence of the different systems.

Diesels are now coming into service in fairly noticeable numbers on British Railways; a number of important services, such as the Sheffield Pullman, have been turned over to them and re-timed, taking the fullest advantage of their high efficiency. On a number of shorter routes the introduction of diesel railcars has produced some quite impressively successful results to pick out from the generally depressing financial record of British Railways.

The diesel is the most efficient prime mover that can be applied to traction, though its transmission is usually complicated; it has a fairly high first cost but requires



BUILDING DIESEL-ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES: At the Darlington works of Robert Stephenson and Hawthorns Ltd. (a member of the English Electric Group of Companies) a 6-cylinder engine is lowered into the superstructure of a 750-h.p. diesel-electric locomotive. This is being built for the Roan Antelope Mines in Northern Rhodesia. The other locomotives in various stages of erection are for Argentina.

little maintenance, so that on a system where it can be worked really intensively it offers great economic advantages. As against main-line electrification, which many railwaymen favour, it can be had far more quickly, because it does not require the large-scale civil engineering operations for new track and conductor installations. The quickness with which the diesels are appearing, and the depressing slowness of progress on such work as the London-Manchester electrification, have prompted many voices outside British Railways, and some inside, to argue that more emphasis should be put on diesels in the programme, as one kind of railway investment from which one seems to be able to get fairly quick results. The railways, after all, have not much time left to try to rehabilitate themselves against road transport.

Any such extension of the diesel programme would probably be welcomed by the private locomotive builders—even though they are assured of a substantial share of the traction orders for electrification. At considerable cost, they have converted their works for flow production, and developed prototype diesel locomotives on which to standardise, with home demand fitting in better than for many years with the orders they can obtain overseas. They are fairly busy now, and the orders for the Transport Commission represent stable business.

Even so, a change-over in traction systems on any railway system represents a vast once-for-all investment in new locomotives, concentrated into a limited period; afterwards, when the demand settles down to what the railway needs for regular replacement of its fleet, it can mean a slump and working under capacity for manufacturers, as the proud American diesel locomotive industry discovered some years ago. The more that the heavy home demand on their newly-enlarged facilities can be prolonged, and dovetailed into the developing demands of railway systems overseas, the better, naturally, the locomotive builders will like it.

(Further pictures on following page)

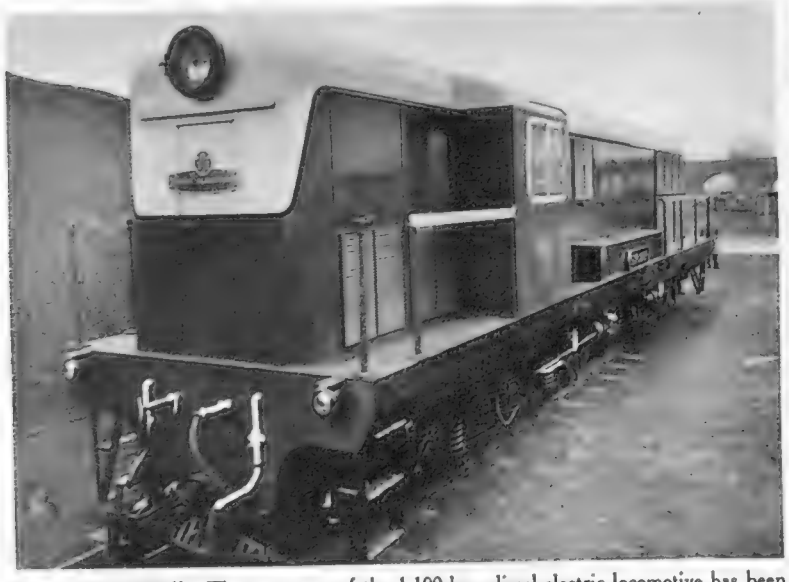
AT THE DERBY LOCOMOTIVE WORKS: The first of ten 2,300-h.p. mainline diesel locomotives for passenger express to and from Euston on the London Midland Region of British Railways nears completion. It will be equipped with a Sulzer-type diesel engine. The electric equipment is being provided by Crompton Parkinson Ltd.

IN SERVICE WITH THE EASTERN REGION: A suburban train on the Great Northern line from King's Cross is hauled by a type two 1,160-h.p. diesel-electric locomotive built by the Birmingham Railway Carriage and Wagon Co., Ltd. At present, the Eastern Region of British Railways have twenty type two locomotives in operation.

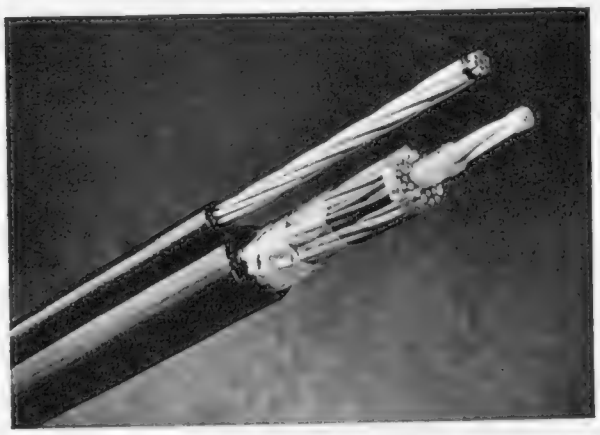
THE LIFTING AND TRANSPORT OF BULKY OBJECTS BY HELICOPTER

During a programme to prove its weight-lifting capabilities a prototype Westland Westminster helicopter lifts a section of an assault floating-bridge of the type used by the British Army. Weighing 6,736 lb., and having a length of 35 ft., a width of 20 ft. and a height of 6 ft., it was lifted with ease by the "flying crane" version of the Westminster. The bridge was fastened to a wire strop and attached to a quick-release hook built into the airframe. A second prototype of the helicopter, developed by Westland Aircraft Ltd., of Yeovil, in Somerset, is now under construction and is due to fly in the next few months. Designed to carry up to forty passengers, the helicopter is to have special freight-loading doors and hoisting facilities. Considerable interest was aroused in military and civil circles by the prototype utility version, expected to have a general application as a flying crane for its weight-lifting and transporting capabilities.

AN ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE FOR SOUTH AFRICA: It is the first of an order for 135 3,000-volt D.C. electric locomotives to be despatched from the Stockton works of Metropolitan-Vickers-Beyer, Peacock Ltd. to the South African Railways. The order, placed with the British firm in 1957, is worth more than £7,600,000.



THE "EXPLORER": The prototype of the 1,100-h.p. diesel-electric locomotive has been developed jointly as a private venture by the British Thomson-Houston Company and Lister Blackstone Rail Traction Ltd. It is intended for overseas markets for use on the lighter type of railway where freight forms a large part of the traffic.



On left—

NEW TELEPHONE LINE

This picture shows a cross-section of the self-supporting type of overhead telephone line which will be put into operation on May 1 on the railway between Canterbury and Ramsgate, in Kent. The telephone wires are interwoven and lie immediately beneath the cable which is used to support them. The wires and the cable are integrally sheathed. The new line, which is less unwieldy than the old, will replace the open wire system in which the wires are separated from each other. The new type of line has not been used before by British Railways. It has been supplied by Siemens Edison Swan Ltd.

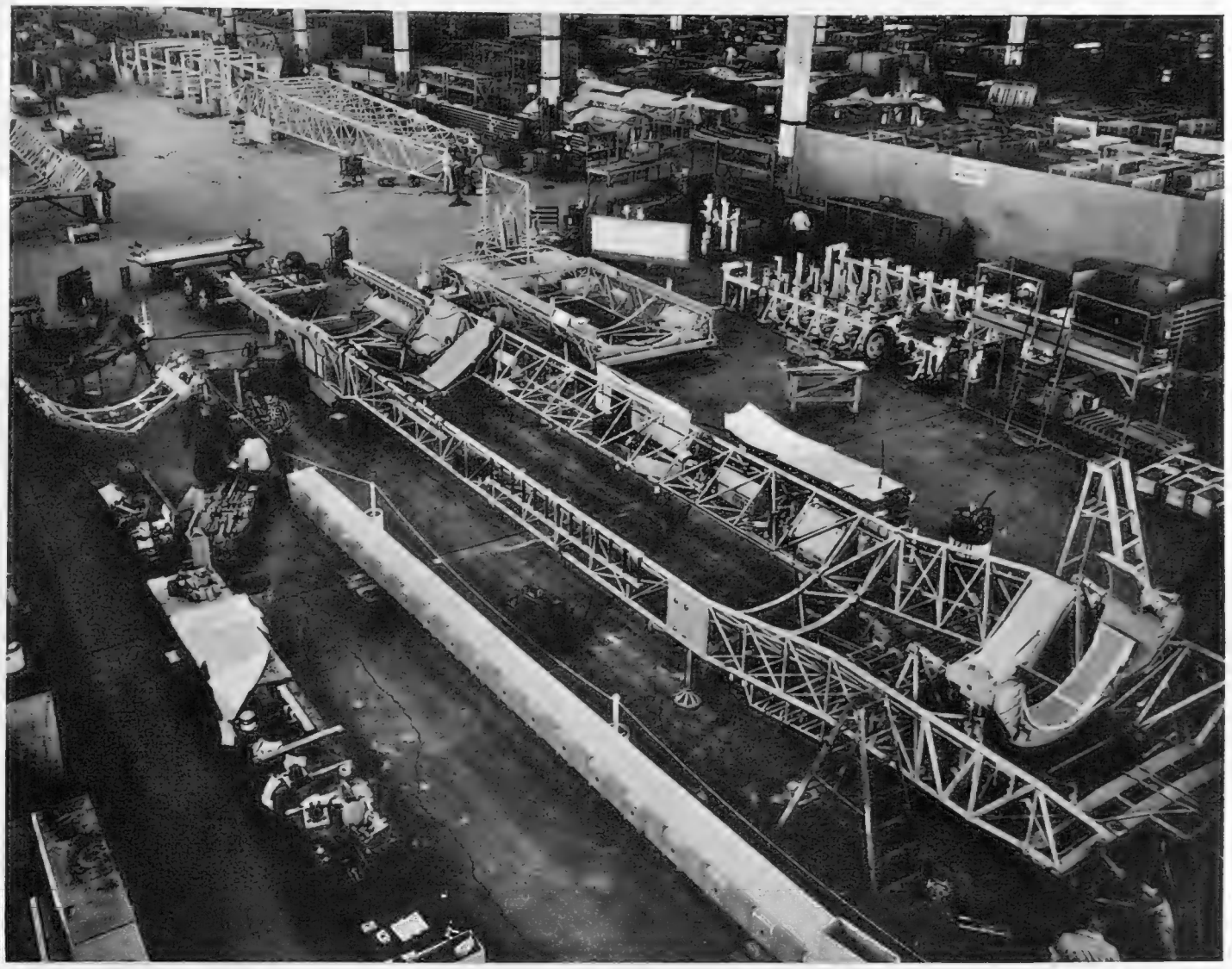
On left—

AT THE CONTROLS: The driver's cabin of the Explorer is situated towards one end of the locomotive's narrow hood. Explorer, with an average weight of 72 tons, has a maximum service speed of 55 m.p.h.

Below—

BULK HANDLING AT SPEED

A new pattern of mobile power is provided by Supertractors, now in large-scale manufacture in Britain by Michigan (Great Britain) Ltd., of London. With from 60 to 600 h.p., the tractors are designed to handle bulk materials in a wide variety of forms under precise and speedy control. Although introduced from the U.S. only a year ago, they are already in use in the steel, coal, electrical, gas and chemical industries, in quarries, mines, road-building, and civil engineering. They were designed to add greater mobility and speed to more orthodox bulldozers and tractor shovels. By adopting four-wheel drive on high flotation rubber tyres, coupled with a special transmission system, new techniques of bulk handling have been evolved. The Michigan tractor in the picture below is engaged on the excavation of foundations of a steel works in the North of England. The firm has expanded rapidly in the last year; in the first nine months of trading, export sales topped £1,000,000.



TRANSPORT AND LAUNCHING EQUIPMENT FOR "ATLAS"

At Litchfield Park in Arizona, the Goodyear Aircraft Corporation's Arizona Division plants produce the advanced mechanical ground support and launching equipment for Atlas Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles. In the foreground is a 74-ft.-long, low-lying steel-tube transporter trailer nearing completion. Immediately to the right of it is a smaller trailer for the transportation of booster engines. In the background by the white pillars is an erection boom which is used to raise and hold the missile upright on its launching pad. Other equipment manufactured by Goodyear, under contract with the Convair Astronautics Division of the General Dynamics Corporation, includes alignment rails and gauges, and engine gimballing stands. Now undergoing intensive testing and firing up to its full range of more than 6,000 miles, the "Atlas" missile has posed difficult problems of transport to firing-site and of vertical launching. In order to keep the extremely thin shell of the missile rigid and inflated, it is transported on a specially designed Goodyear trailer with a pressurisation system to keep the missile's skin from collapsing. On site the missile and its rigid transporter are hoisted into the vertical by a winch mounted on a 100-ft. gantry, designed to withstand winds of up to 120 knots. Two large jaws grip the missile to maintain stability; these open at the moment of launching after the count down has been completed.

THE MANUFACTURE OF INK

At the Parker Quink factory at Dover, the bottles of ink are packed by hand into their cartons. *Left*—One of the ingredients used to obtain the exact shade required is added to the fluid in a mixing tank, where the warm ink is blended at a specifically determined temperature. In the background are storage tanks. From the tanks the pots are filled by an automatic process. In order that the ink may give a bold, clean line and be of a standard alkalinity so that it does not eat into the paper, careful preparation of the fluid is needed. In addition, the ink must be non-corrosive so that it does not affect the nib, whether gold or steel. After research, the Parker laboratories isolated a formula, called "Solv-X," for the dissolution of sediments. This and other ingredients added to Quink ensure uniformity in the twelve countries in which it is produced. Great Britain alone produces over a million bottles of the ink a month.

SWEDISH CERAMICS IN THREE CENTURIES

The Victoria and Albert Museum Presents an Exhibition of Pottery from the Rörstrand Factory in Sweden

THE FIRST DAY OF THE SWEDISH POTTERY EXHIBITION IN LONDON: Mr. Frederick Wehtje, a director of the Rörstrand pottery firm, whose products are on show at the Victoria and Albert Museum, shows miniature vessels to Madame Hägglöf, the wife of the Swedish Ambassador. The vessels are in stoneware with different glazes.

On Thursday of last week the exhibition entitled "Three Centuries of Swedish Pottery" opened at the Victoria and Albert Museum, in London. It is the first full-scale exhibition devoted solely to the ceramic art to be held in the Museum since the war and it is appropriate that it presents the achievements since its foundation in 1726 of the Swedish Rörstrand factory. This concern has the longest continuous history of any pottery in Europe. There are also examples from the Marieberg factory, which was founded in 1751 and which was sold to Rörstrand in 1782. The exhibition has been arranged in co-operation with the Swedish National Museum which has lent the bulk of the objects on show. Private collectors, among them the King of Sweden, have also lent exhibits.

The main phases and types of Rörstrand pottery through the three centuries of its existence are represented. The earliest examples are all painted in cobalt-blue only, in a style combining elements derived from the decorative repertories of a number of the leading European faience factories of the time. The style reflects the prevailing taste of the age, with its fundamentals drawn partly from Chinese import porcelain and partly from Baroque decorative art. By the 1760's, however, a style had emerged which was unmistakably Swedish, and much use was made of such specifically Swedish devices as the North Star and the three crowns. During the first half of the nineteenth century Rörstrand devoted all its energies to producing earthenware of the English type perfected by Josiah Wedgwood and his contemporaries. Printed decorations in different colours, but mainly in underglaze blue, a favourite of the period, were used. A willow pattern was adopted in 1826 and, later, landscape scenes and a series depicting Swedish country houses.

A major influence bearing on the development of the industrial arts in Sweden towards the 1920's was the foundation of the Swedish Society of Industrial Design, with its insistence that a progressive industry must employ competent artists to design its products. Another factor determining the style of the present century was the increasing use of mechanical processes. Mass-production methods are helped by a simple design and it is this simplicity which marks the work of the Rörstrand factory in modern times.

A 200-YEAR-OLD TABLE-TRAY: A bouquet of flowers, painted in enamel colours, within a rococo framework, surmounts the cartouche in the centre of the table-tray. The scroll is inscribed: "Rörstrand 12 December 1758." The background is in manganese-purple, the colour being fired with the glaze in the kiln. The table-tray is in the pottery collection of the King of Sweden.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY TABLE FOUNTAIN: Standing almost 10 ins. high, it takes the form of a dolphin's head surmounted by a cockleshell. The table fountain was produced by the Rörstrand factory in 1765.

On left—

ÆNEAS FLEEING FROM TROY: The porcelain group, the work of the Marieberg factory in the period 1766 to 1769, represents the Trojan hero carrying his father, Anchises, on his back and leading his son Iulus (whose foot can just be seen). The Marieberg firm was a keen rival of Rörstrand's from its foundation in 1751. It was bought out by the latter company in 1782.

OLD AND NEW CERAMIC STYLES: *Left*—Dated 1771, the potpourri vase and cover of baluster form stands on a base of branches, roots and a leaf shaped like a rococo scroll. The vase is decorated partly with freely-modelled branches and flowers and partly with coloured flowers. *Centre*—In contrast is the simplicity of this coffee pot, cup and saucer produced in 1954–1955. *Right*—A butter-box and pots, earthenware with printed and hand-painted under-glaze decor, are other examples of modern ceramic styles.

A COUNTRY-HOUSE DESIGN: A midsummer view of Stafstaholm manor-house, in under-glaze greyish-black, provides the decoration for an 1850 Rörstrand dish. On the rim are printed views of other notable Swedish country houses. A series of dishes and vessels with this type of design was produced by the factory in the mid nineteenth century.

AN EARLY VASE AND A MODERN EARTHENWARE SCULPTURE: *Left*—Painted in blue with stylised flowers and scrolls, the vase and cover date from 1740. *Right*—The figure with engraving and coloured glazes is the work of Birger Kaipiainen between 1955 and 1958.

A LION'S HEAD: It is an example of the work of Gunnar Nylund, who is regarded as probably the most versatile among modern Swedish potters. The chamotte stoneware head was designed for mass production in 1932, one year after Nylund joined Rörstrand.

A DINNER SERVICE WITH THE LANDSCAPE PATTERN: The seven pieces, produced between 1828 and 1840, are printed in under-glaze blue, with landscape designs apparently taken from English engraved copperplates. The tureen and the two small dishes on the left are not included in the exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

VEGETABLE AND FRUIT DECORATIONS: In the front is a box and cover in the form of a bunch of asparagus painted in natural colours. The punchbowl behind is in the shape of a barrel, with handles modelled as vine branches. Both date from the period 1760 to 1770.

The World of Books

WAR ON SEA AND ON LAND

The Sinking of the "Bismarck," and Other Naval Actions; Resistance Fighters; Modern Barcelona and Ancient Greece; A Novel with Old Age as its Theme

I REALLY believe that Mr. C. S. Forester could write out a laundry list and make it perfectly enthralling if he put his imaginative writer's mind to it. Generally, of course, he has no need for such an exercise of skill because the subjects he chooses—Hornblower, for instance—are so fraught with a potential of excitement that his clear, matter-of-fact style simply records whatever drama there is. Or so it seems. Now Mr. Forester has written a magnificent piece of naval reporting, in HUNTING THE BISMARCK (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.), and has revived for many of us the dark period of the war when we were in full retreat in Africa, Greece had been overrun, Yugoslavia was overwhelmed, the *blitz* was rocking English cities and the U-boats were having it all their own way in the Atlantic. In a word, 1941.

The pride of the German Navy was *Bismarck*, at 42,000 tons the largest and the most dangerous warship afloat, faster than the "Queens" and the greatest possible menace to our Atlantic life-line. From Gdynia, in the Baltic, she slipped out into the open seas and, having sunk *Hood*, our biggest battle-cruiser, was at large. She was also the focus of an unrelenting hunt by the Royal Navy, and it is this saga, ending with the final sinking in a storm-racked Atlantic, that Mr. Forester gives us. No one could have done it better. It is possible that no one could have done it half as humanly or as well.

WAVES OF BATTLE (Arco. 18s.) is a collection of twenty-four stories of naval history during the last war and includes a brief passage by Captain Russell Grenfell, R.N., on the sinking of the *Bismarck*, in which account the writer, like Mr. Forester, emphasizes the immense speed with which this whole sea campaign was carried out, the *Bismarck* being on the run for nearly six days and steaming almost 3,000 miles. Other stories include several from naval officers of their own experiences, told in that crisp, restrained prose that has the effect of adding to the drama, and some by German and American officers. Mr. Edmund V. Corbett has edited the anthology and given explanatory notes.

Mr. Richard Pape some years ago wrote an immensely successful book of war memoirs and has now given us its following volume, SEQUEL TO BOLDNESS (Odhams. 18s.), which pursues his story of fighting with the R.A.F. and with the Dutch and other Resistance groups and tells the subsequent stories of many of the brave people who helped him and his companions. There is, as before, a great sense of pace about the writing and an urgency which explains how the author got out of some of the agonisingly tight corners in which he found himself during the war. It is perfectly evident that he is a brave man but, more than that, he is a man of immense ingenuity and such zest for life that, by itself, it must often have kept death at bay.

Uneven as this book is, and highly emotional by the very nature of the events as well as of the man recounting them, it is still a memorable piece of work; a record of extreme courage on the part of many simple people and a wholehearted tribute to them by a pretty invincible fighting man.

BARCELONA WITH LOVE (Allen and Unwin. 18s.) is Mr. Clifford King's book about a very different sort of travelling; the gradual discovery of the Spanish city in which he has lived for many years and which—as this book happily proves—he both knows and understands. The title is well chosen, for the author writes with admiration and affection not only of such attractions as the Rambla de las Flores, or the gypsy dancers, but of the less obvious charms of lottery-ticket sellers, nineteenth-century architecture or little *bodegas* where dignified eccentrics meet. As he says himself, Mr. King has fallen in love with the city and doesn't know quite when it happened or how.

Professor André Bonnard, the Swiss writer and scholar, has continued his study of antiquity with GREEK CIVILISATION: FROM THE ANTIGONE TO SOCRATES (Allen and Unwin. 30s.) and has once more addressed himself as much to the general reader as to the specialist in the field. For this reason and also because Professor Bonnard writes with admirable lucidity, this second volume of a series is as much of a delight as its predecessor and is immensely instructive without being in the least didactic. He writes about a period in cultural history which was exceptionally productive; a period of great riches in the realms of sculpture and architecture, when Hippocrates was expounding the virtues of medicine, science was in its earliest days and Socrates and Aristophanes, Sophocles and Pindar were in their golden prime. The illustrations are finely chosen and the translation has been well done by Mr. A. Lytton Sells.

First among the novels this week is one that is a distinct oddity but a very clever one. Miss Muriel Spark, who should be placed high on the list of truly original writers, has chosen old age as her subject and has evolved a story in which every single character is not only elderly

THE PINNACLED EXTERIOR OF MILAN CATHEDRAL: The picture is reproduced from *Gothic Europe* (Batsford. 42s.) and is the first in a new series "Buildings of Europe." The editors are Harald Busch and Bernd Lohse, commentaries on the many full-page illustrations are by Helmut Domke, and the introduction is by Professor Kurt Gerstenberg. This finely-produced book deals with cathedrals, churches and buildings such as castles and palaces in many countries of Europe.

but definitely venerable, whether she is an old lady living in Kensington, a venerable and distinguished Dame or an inmate of the Aged Women's Ward in a general hospital. The cumulative effect, brilliantly handled as it is, is not far short of the gruesome, but MEMENTO MORI (Macmillan. 15s.) has its own form of wit and lively imagination.

WE JOINED THE NAVY (Michael Joseph. 13s. 6d.) is perhaps not strictly a novel, but its thin—indeed, transparent—veil of fiction must put it in this category. Mr. John Winton writes about a group of very young men from the day of their first interview by an Admiralty Board, through their experiences at Dartmouth to their first cruises overseas. It is wonderfully funny and, I am told by sea-going friends, wonderfully accurate. I don't suppose that it will be necessary to recommend it to cadets, midshipmen or junior officers because there is probably a copy already in every wardroom and chest flat, but I would like to suggest it as highly amusing and civilised reading even to those whose enthusiasm for naval training is very moderate indeed.

THE ACHILLES AFFAIR (Collins. 10s. 6d.) is an adventure story by Mr. Berkeley Mather, who also writes for the television screen and who knows a photogenic situation when he finds one. The setting here is the Middle East as seen by an Englishman whose wartime experience had included much work for the Secret Service and a good deal of parachuting down to join or supply partisans. The period is post-war, but far from peaceful, and the hero's attempts to rebuild a business after the war and forget all about his activities with "The Firm" are drastically affected when he discovers that he has an active and lethally-inclined enemy. Plenty of speed and excellent technical detail.

Mrs. Marjorie Hessell Tiltman has written about the Opium War of 1839 in China, as it was fought between Great Britain and that country, and she has made a fine job of re-creating the complex atmosphere of intrigue, commerce and violence which characterised it. On one side were the *hongs*, or factories, and on the other the British trading firms, not all of whom were above dealing in the drug. In fact, opium was not only a certain money-spinner but the foundation of many apparently reputable fortunes. Mrs. Tiltman has written about an honest merchant in charge of his Canton branch and the very junior member of the firm who arrives precipitately just before the Opium War breaks out, and turns out to be the enterprising sister of the boy who was expected. There is good background stuff to MASTER SARAH (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.) and a strongly-built plot which carries the reader along as confidently as in a Canton sedan.

MOSES, PRINCE OF EGYPT (Methuen. 16s.) is Mr. Howard Fast's romantic reconstruction of the boyhood and young manhood of that great figure and the author has given a colourful and detailed picture of life in Egyptian Royal palaces with the God-Emperor, the priests, the polytheistic religion, the slaves, and the pretty girls and silly women who seem to have existed in the same proportion to the people of ancient Egypt as they do to say, Purley. Although the book has its long-winded passages and Moses and his contemporaries are shown as almost painfully articulate, apt to break into monologues, with or without provocation, this is a sincere and thoughtfully imagined story and never over-burdened with archaic references.

One ponderous contribution to the craft of the ghost story, to give it its mild, familiar name, is Pamela Search's THE SUPERNATURAL IN THE ENGLISH SHORT STORY (Bernard Hanison. 21s.). This is a collection of twenty-one tales of horror, mystery and the like with

THE HIGHLAND CLANS

A History of the Macleods; A Study of the Scottish Highlanders

Few writers are better qualified than Dr. I. F. Grant, who has made a study of the social and economic development of Scotland, to write the history of one of the great clans. THE MACLEODS (Faber and Faber. 42s.) gives a fascinating picture of life in the Highlands from the early thirteenth century to the present day. She tells of the chiefs and the clansmen, of their homes and their work, what they ate and drank, of their feuds and their marriages, their legends and traditions, much of which we know about only through oral reporting, and sketchy reporting at that. Dr. Grant has made extensive use of the collection of muniments preserved in Dunvegan Castle, and she has had help from living members of the Macleod clan, who are scattered in so many corners of the world and have made their mark in so many different callings. This massive history covers nearly 650 pages, and some excellent illustrations accompany the text.

Calum Maclean's THE HIGHLANDS (Batsford. 25s.) is another authoritative work on Scotland, written with a vast knowledge of Gaelic life and culture. Mr. Maclean is not so much concerned with topography, leaving an excellent series of photographs to deal with the scenery and beauty spots of the far north, as he is concerned with the highlanders themselves, their history and traditions in relation to present-day economic and social conditions.

Henry Longhurst has certainly given a glamorous touch to his story of British Petroleum. He calls it ADVENTURE IN OIL (Sidgwick and Jackson. 21s.), and the book has a foreword by Sir Winston Churchill. This is a story of an enterprise which began half a century ago in the barren lands of south-west Persia, and to-day produces, sells or searches for oil in every country in the free world. There are some interesting and revealing pages on the establishment of the Company's great new refinery on the Peninsula of Hoo, at the junction of Thames and Medway, an £80,000,000 project, which in most respects evokes admiration, although one cannot help wondering, when a gigantic enterprise such as this makes its impact upon a rural area, why more thought is not given to social planning and the provision of adequate and properly-sited housing for the workers who serve the industry. In the Middle and Far East this has been done by the great oil concerns, and there is surely no reason why it should not be done at home. It would be that the Government could have given the oil industrialists a much stronger lead at Hoo. In all Mr. Longhurst's book is a magnificent record of high endeavour by modern merchant adventurers.

With forty or more books to his credit and a ready-and-ready style that seems to fit in with the life of the "outback," Ion L. Idriess, one of the outstanding writers about Australia past and present, now sets out to describe the development of Northern Queensland, notably in the late nineteenth century when the first jungle scrubs were falling to the settler's axe, when towns were springing up as mineral wealth came to light, and the railway was being rushed forward in the most unlikely places. BACK O' CAIRNS (Angus and Robertson. 18s.) is a first-class story, not least in the chapters relating to the great rivalry over the rail

FOUR SOPRANOS: From left, Victoria Elliott, who plays Rosalinde; Marion Studholme, as Adele; June Bronhill, who also plays Adele; and Joan Stuart, as Rosalinde. There are alternating casts for the Johann Strauss operetta *Die Fledermaus*, which opened the Sadler's Wells season at the London Coliseum on April 16.

THE GAOLER AND THE CHAMBERMAID: In a break during rehearsals Ronald Stear, who plays Frosch the gaoler, holds a bottle to the mouth of June Bronhill. The Sadler's Wells operetta is said to be the biggest production to be staged at the Coliseum since the war.

(*continued from previous page*)

uch famous names as M. R. James, R. L. Stevenson, Edgar Allan Poe and Sheridan Le Fanu contribuing from the past to a present-day assessment of the best in their particular genres. "The Canterville Ghost," by Oscar Wilde, is, as always, a shining example of how to do this kind of thing with a ightly-pointed pen, and D. H. Lawrence's "The Rocking-Horse Winner" remains as poignant as ever.

There are three crime stories this week, the irst of which is a first-rate piece of detective work n an American, Middle West setting. BLOOD WILL TELL (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is by Jean Potts and luckily that is a simple name to remember) nd in spite of a seeming artlessness and simplicity t is as finely woven as a Bokhara rug. The haracters are believable, too, and that is something o be thankful for. All in all, very nearly full marks or this o

THE DAY THEY ROBBED THE BANK OF NGLAND (Chatto and Windus. 15s.), by John rophy, is old-fashioned in many senses of the word: et at the turn of the century, rather archaic in dialogue nd slow as a hansom cab in development. For some urious reason, however, it is thoroughly likable, even o its excessively moral ending. All it really lacks is ny kind of urgency.

A TALE OF TWO MURDERS (Crime Club. 10s. 6d.) by no means the best thing Elizabeth Ferrars as ever done, for she has set her own high standard, ut it is ingenious enough and has the resolutely omestic setting that many connoisseurs prefer.

Vernon Fane

n its routing depended the life and death of the North ueensland coastal towns, and in the final round it was airns that won out, with Port Douglas and Mourilyan, vo other lusty up-and-coming places, having to accept ie verdict. Mr. Idriess, as ever, is full of good stories, nd everything he writes reflects his own deep love of ie Australian outback.

Frank Clune, an Australian writer who has underken numerous fact-finding missions in Pacific waters, cently visited Formosa with the express object of nding out what was happening within the island fortress f Chiang Kai-shek. On his departure he wrote "So e bade farewell to Formosa, the land of freedom, and itpost of democracy, where Free China's soul lives on." his, indeed, is the theme song for Mr. Clune's book LIGHT TO FORMOSA (Angus and Robertson. 21s.), nd at no point does the author hesitate either in his dmiration for the Generalissimo or his condemnation Mao Tse-tung, who conducts "the red terror on the ainland of China." Written from this very emphatic andpoint the book has a limited value as a report, but en so Mr. Clune's observations regarding rural life in ormosa have a good deal of interest and he is a writer ith a lively style and a keen wit.

In his lifetime Stanton Hope has shipped aboard many fferent kinds of craft, from a German sailing barque the queenly *Berengaria*, and part of his First World ar service was indeed aboard that unique depot ship M.S. *Crystal Palace*, securely anchored on its hilltop e at Sydenham. In his latest book of reminiscences, VE ME THE SEA (Robert Hale. 18s.), Mr. Hope nges far and wide in the same zestful way we have me to appreciate in so much else that he has written fore.

R. C. E.

On right—

PRINCES ORLOFSKY: Anna Pollak and Patricia Johnson take the part of the wealthy young Russian nobleman who gives the gay party in the second act. The part was written for a mezzo-soprano but is sometimes sung by a tenor. During the party the prince sings the famous number, "Chacun à son goût," exhorting his guests to enjoy themselves.

"DIE FLEDERMAUS"

A season of operetta presented by the Sadler's Wells Opera started at the London Coliseum on Thursday of last week. Johann Strauss's *Die Fledermaus* ("The Bat") opened the season which will occupy the Coliseum till the pantomime season begins at the end of the year. *Die Fledermaus* will have a twelve-week run, coming off on July 4. It will be followed by the Lehár operetta *Land of Smiles*. A new English version of the Strauss operetta, by Christopher Hassall, is being given by the two alternating Sadler's Wells Companies. Production and choreography is by Wendy Toye, with designs by James Bailey. The most successful and widely loved of all the Johann Strauss operettas, *Die Fledermaus* was first performed in Vienna in 1874. Sadler's Wells have now given five productions.

The story comes from a German play, *The Prison*, which Meilhac and Halévy (the librettists of *Carmen*) turned into a French play called *Le Réveillon*. It came back to the German language when Carl Haffner and Richard Genée made an operetta libretto of it expressly for Johann Strauss more than twenty years after the play was first written. The complicated plot largely concerns a hoax played on Eisenstein, a wealthy Austrian, by an old friend, Dr. Frank, himself the victim of a practical joke engineered by Eisenstein.

On left—

THE TWO ADELES: In *Die Fledermaus* Adele is a chambermaid who goes to the party given by Orlofsky. There she is introduced as an actress and manages to disguise her real identity till the final act. The pretence has a happy ending when Orlofsky promises to see that she becomes a real actress.

SAINTS IN ROME AND IN VENICE

Canonisation in St. Peter's; Pius X's Body on the Grand Canal

A DOUBLE CANONISATION IN ST. PETER'S: From his throne in St. Peter's Basilica, in Rome, Pope John XXIII reads the traditional bull of canonisation. The Pope was officiating at the first proclamation in his reign of new saints. The two inscribed in the catalogue of Roman Catholic saints were Gioacchina de Vedruna de Mas, a Spanish nun who founded the Carmelite Sisters of Charity and who died in Barcelona in 1854, and Carlo da Sezze, an Italian lay member of the Franciscan Order and a mystic religious poet. He is given credit by the Vatican for several miracles. He died in 1670. Two Italian and two Spanish women, present during the ceremony, were said to have been cured by the intercession of the new saints. These cures were pronounced miraculous by the Congregation of Rites.

THE BODY OF POPE PIUS X RETURNS TO VENICE: Followed by a procession of gondolas, the ceremonial vessel of the Doge of Venice, bearing the body of the former Pontiff, glides along the Grand Canal. Before his election as Pope in 1903, Pius X was Patriarch of Venice and promised to return there dead or alive. He was canonised in 1954 after his death in 1914. As his body was carried into St. Mark's Basilica last week a crowd of 100,000 knelt in the square outside. The body will remain in the Basilica for one month.

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THE INFLATOPLANE AND ITS DESIGNER: Mr. Bruce Bain stands on the airfield at Akron, Ohio, by the ingenious aircraft constructed to his design. The airframe is collapsible and pneumatic and the pumping operation to give it its shape for flying takes no more than six minutes. The inflatoplane, when deflated, can be packed up with its engine and wheels and carried in the rear of an estate wagon. It can be pumped up with a domestic vacuum cleaner. The fuselage is of simple rubberised material and the cockpit, wings and tail are made of Airmat, two walls of rubberised fabric connected by threads of nylon. The two-stroke engine is mounted above the rear of the wing. The aircraft is produced by the Goodyear Aircraft Corporation of America. Since the first prototype flew in 1956, there have been several improved versions, single-seaters and two-seaters.

PUMPED UP AND IN THE AIR: An inflatoplane shows its paces. This is a two-seater model which has been built for the United States Army. The United States Navy also uses these aircraft. The length of a two-seater is 19 ft. 2 ins. and the span is 28 ft. Military versions have open or closed cockpits.

INFLATION AND AIR LIFT

A Collapsible Rubber Plane and a New Type of Transport Helicopter

A NEW DEVELOPMENT IN HELICOPTER DESIGN: The Sikorsky S-60 rises into the air at Stratford, Connecticut. It carries its load slung below the fuselage. Weights of several thousand pounds can be carried. Passengers can be transported in detachable pods.

The claim put forward by the Sikorsky Aircraft Division of the United Aircraft Corporation that its new S-60 helicopter represents a radically new concept in aircraft design is not without justification. The aircraft is literally a flying crane. In place of the conventional passenger or cargo cabin, the fuselage is like a boom extending from the cockpit to the tail rotor. Loads are carried below on a hoist suspended from the structure at a point directly under the main rotor. At the first public demonstration of the S-60 last week at Stratford, Connecticut, spectators saw a 4,500-lb. bridge span carried and placed into position, a 2-ton pole dropped into a prepared hole and the transport of an Honest John missile dummy. In the glass-enclosed cockpit for two pilots, the co-pilot's seat swivels 180 degrees to the rear. This allows a clear view of loading and unloading operations. The helicopter could be used for many purposes, military and civil. According to Sikorsky officials, it could transport such heavy weights as prefabricated houses. Detachable pods for carrying troops or passengers can be hooked to the hoist. At present the aircraft has a lifting capacity of 4 to 6 tons. Designs are now being made for future models which should have payloads of up to 50 tons.

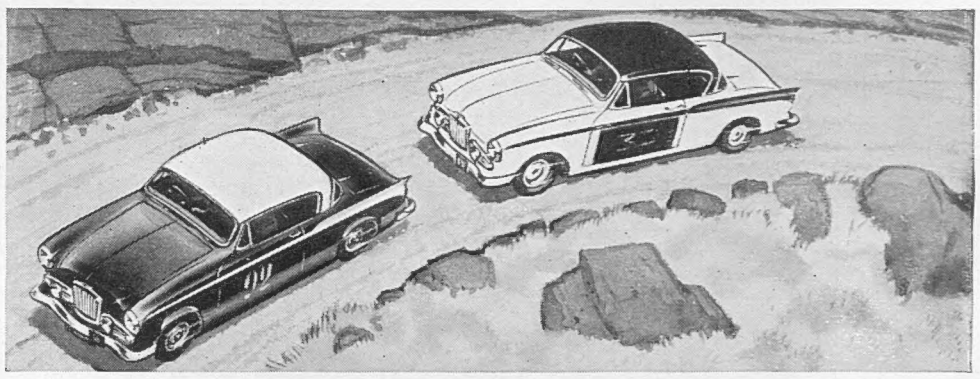
THE "FLYING CRANE" IN ACTION: A 60-ft., 4,500-lb. Army bridge span is carried by an S-60 during a demonstration at Stratford, Connecticut. It flew across the airfield and placed the span on a foundation. It also demonstrated its capability by flying with a dummy of an Honest John missile.

RECORD-BREAKING RALLY WINS for the SUNBEAM RAPIER

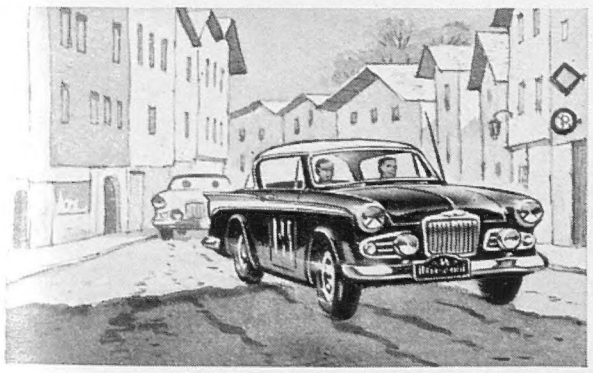
A Coupe des Alpes, outright wins, team prizes and triumphs in many important international events. Such is the impressive list of motoring honours already 'under the bonnet' of this truly remarkable motor-car, the 1½ litre Sunbeam Rapier.

First British car in the Monte Carlo Rally for the second year in succession. Finishing unpenalised after 2,000 gruelling and hazardous miles, Sunbeam Rapier completed the double by again winning the Stuart Trophy.

A Sunbeam Rapier, making its competition debut, won outright Britain's 'toughest ever' international R.A.C. Rally. After 2,000 miles of snow and icy roads, Sunbeam clinched its victory with a magnificent performance in the final manoeuvrability tests.



In the gruelling 4-day Circuit of Ireland's International Rally, which led competitors from Belfast to Tramore, Killarney, Londonderry and Bangor, two Sunbeam Rapiers took 1st and 2nd places in the popular 'closed car over 1300 c.c. class'. The winning team was J. E. Dowling and C. J. Atkinson; John Peile and R. Bell drove the other successful Sunbeam.



The Vosges, Jura and Auvergne mountains and the French Alps were in the route of the six-day Dutch Tulip Rally. Three works-entered Sunbeam Rapiers were awarded the coveted manufacturers' team prize.

More glory for two Sunbeam Rapiers in the '58 Scottish Rally: 1st and 3rd places in the up-to-2600 c.c. class for modified touring cars.

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The April 22 issue of "The Tatler" includes: **THE QUEEN AND PRINCE PHILIP**—*A colour photograph taken for the forthcoming Royal visit to Canada.* **MONTREAL,** *one of the cities to be visited during the Royal Tour, portrayed in new photographs.* **THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS**—*Exclusive photographs by Gerti Deutsch of this famous institution.* **THE FABULOUS FLOWER SHOW**—*St. John Donn-Byrne reports from Paris on the Floralies.* **FASHION** *for warm evenings outdoors.* **THE PRINCE AND THE PAINTING**—*Exclusive pictures by Felix Man of Prince Max of Fuerstenberg and the Graham Sutherlands, taken shortly before the Prince's sudden death.* **ISAAC BICKERSTAFF,** *hailed abroad as "England's greatest gastronome," begins a regular list of restaurants.* **SOCIAL NEWS** *and pictures.*

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

THE ONLY THING CONSTANT IN LIFE IS CHANGE. Such were my thoughts as, on the first day of spring, I sat down to pen this column —for change is particularly constant in the hotel world; ownership, management, staff of every grade and building construction.

A short while previously an announcement in the Press concerning the *new* Bramley Grange Hotel, near Guildford, Surrey, sent me hurrying down there. Surely the B.G.H., as we affectionately knew it in war days, had not been burnt down? To my relief, on arrival, I found the neo-Tudor façade as before. Yet I was soon aware of progressive change—a new entrance drive, a reception office quickly to view, an attractive and cleverly designed cocktail lounge and, most striking of all, a transformed restaurant in which comfort and elegance have been skilfully blended. The outlook over the charming hotel grounds remains the same, though here again it has perceptibly changed for the better, since those war days when motor mowers were taboo.

Anyone contemplating visiting Epsom, Ascot, or even Wimbledon this year would find it a pleasant change to stay at this first-class country-house hotel rather than in London, for though distance would be greater, travel time—relatively free from traffic congestion—is likely to be infinitely shorter.

Change may be both drastic and leisured and if it is to be for betterment it must be planned without detriment to tradition.

An example is The Royal Bath, one of the two five-star hotels in the centre of Bournemouth. A little over a hundred years ago, when the population of this South Coast resort was but 695, a travelled writer of the day referred to "a lofty and imposing edifice, with a pretty front on which is inscribed the title of Bath Hotel."

It might well have happened that such an old-established hotel would have slipped back in the face of competition, but not so this Royal Bath where Mrs. Lee-Duncan has been upholding the high standards instituted by her grandfather, in Bournemouth's infancy.

Here, change has been slow, yet constant. Modern thought in decoration, plumbing, lighting, and so on, blend happily with period furniture which has stood the test of time.

Still, as a century ago, The Royal Bath draws its clientele from well-to-do families appreciative of its central yet private position by the sea-front. In this connection an interesting example of changing times—scarcity of nannies —is that a resident nursery governess can take charge of meals and playtimes for the under-sixes.

With so few hotels in Bournemouth having a full licence the Cocktail Bar, Buttery and Ballroom are a great social asset for Bournemouth's residents and visitors of to-day.

Proprietors of old country inns that can boast of ancient beams and historic or Dickensian associations are too often content to rely on their "olde worlde" atmosphere to attract trade. What a beneficial year 1958 was for The Spread Eagle, Midhurst, Sussex, when new proprietors acquired this scheduled ancient monument some 730 years after it was built. They have not only completely redecorated and largely refurnished the hotel in a manner in keeping with its traditional glories but added all modern comforts and, more importantly, effected a transformation in the standard of cuisine and cellar. To-day, The Spread Eagle is attracting both gastronomes and all lovers of our ancient heritages on the score of good food, fine wines and superb comfort.

Nothing can so easily affect the reputation of an hotel, for better or for worse, than change of management, but I have no qualms about Mr. Pierre Gilles, who was recently appointed General Manager of The Grand Hotel, Torquay Pierre has the advantages of youth and practical experience both in England and on the Continent. I envy him for the fact that he can speak four languages—English, French, German and Spanish but, more important, he comes of talented hotel stock.

His grandfather spent his lifetime in the industry, while his late father will be remembered by many either as General Manager of the Savoy, Grosvenor House, The Grand, Folkestone, and at St. Ermin's Hotel, Westminster.

Educated at the Institut Français, London, and Beaumont College, Windsor, Pierre Gilles was trained in England and on the Continent in the traditional style, starting his hotel career at the early age of sixteen at the Hotel School in Lausanne. In Switzerland he was introduced to the finest hotel methods, working for some time under the late Mr. Schmid at the Bellevue Palace, in Berne.

Pierre Gilles will be one of the youngest hoteliers in Torquay (he is in his early thirties) but I feel the future shows great promise for both him and Torquay's Grand Hotel.

Further recent changes in the hotel world

Between Christmas and Easter each year, intense activity goes on behind the scenes in many an hotel, and touring South Devon in early March we noted the following. At the Belmont Hotel, Sidmouth, Mr. B. Fitzgerald showed us some redecorated bedrooms with delightful modern bathrooms and toilet attached. In Torquay we viewed at Rosetor Hotel the comfortably planned studio bedrooms which the Brockman family have recently installed, and on revisiting the Imperial, where Michael Chapman is constantly planning changes to add to the hotel's status, we witnessed an open-air sea-water swimming-pool in course of erection on the terrace garden. It is to be ready for June visitors

BANTRY BAY, Co. Cork. ARDNAGASHEL HOUSE
25 yards from the sea. An Irish Country House Hotel in glorious scenery, with goggle-fishing, bathing, sailing, or just eating, drinking and lazing. Write R. Kaulback.

BOURNEMOUTH. LINDEN HALL HOTEL
"The jolliest, happiest, holiday hotel in Britain irrespective of weather." A popular verdict and no wonder! A superb indoor heated swimming-pool and Squash Courts (resident instructors). Ballroom, Bridge, Billiards, Tennis, modernised bedrooms and that magnet of attraction, good fare. Tel.: Boscombe 33533.

CIRENCESTER, Cotswolds. STRATTON HOUSE HOTEL
Lovers of good food and wine and those appreciating quiet bedroom comfort (many private bathrooms and suites) favour this hospitable seventeenth-century hotel one mile out on the Gloucester Road. Cocktail bar. Lovely garden. Hard tennis court. Free golf. Excellent touring centre. Write for brochure or Tel. 836.

CIRENCESTER, Gloucestershire. KING'S HEAD
Where Roundheads and Royalists once clashed, modern travellers enjoy a bedroom with private bath, and excellent food in a gay restaurant. Tel.: 677.

CONNEL FERRY. FALLS OF LORA HOTEL
All touring the Western Highlands should note this charmingly positioned hotel, fully licensed and open all year round. Ideal base from which to visit the Inner and Outer Hebrides, via Oban (5 miles). Own farm produce. Tel.: Connel 202.

NR. DRUMNADROCHIT. LEWISTON ARMS
An old Scottish inn. Excellent centre for walking. Salmon, sea and brown trout fishing. Pony trekking available. Home produce. No charabancs. Proprietors, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. G. M. Malcolm. Drumnadrochit 225.

DUBLIN. THE GRESHAM HOTEL
Visit Ireland this year and for a good beginning and ending choose this fine modern hotel in the hub of Ireland's social life. 150 rooms (most bedrooms with private bath), and Suites, with radios, central heating, and 24-hour service.

EAST WITTERING, Sussex. OLD BARN HOTEL
on sea edge. South aspect and safe sandy bathing. Just the place for a family holiday. Club Bar. Tel.: West Wittering 3228.

FALMOUTH. GREENBANK HOTEL
For spring sunshine, for summer sailing, choose this hotel with its comfortable nautical atmosphere, situated on the water's edge of Falmouth Harbour. First-class food and service, and genial climate. Tel.: 440.

FOLKESTONE, THE BURLINGTON
Excellent food and wine. Spacious private suites. Late meals in delightful Bay Tree Grill. Ideal for summer relaxation or winter residence. Tel.: 4663.

JERSEY, C.I. ST. BRELADES BAY HOTEL
(1st Reg.) welcomes enquiries for September. Wonderful position facing sea and sands. First-class food and wine. Dinner-dances. TV. Lounge.

KINGSGATE, Nr. Broadstairs. FAYRENESS HOTEL
Every comfort. Excellent food. Fully licensed. A family hotel. Good sands, safe bathing. Golf. Terms from 12 gns. Thanet 61103.

LEOMINSTER, Herefordshire. TALBOT HOTEL
Good food, modern comforts and old world surrounds. Note it well "on the road" or as a motoring holiday base. Tel.: 2121.

LLANDUDNO, N. Wales. ST. GEORGES HOTEL
For a memorable holiday. First on sea-front for cuisine and entertainment. Free Golf. Ballroom. Cocktail Lounge. Ideal motoring centre. Tel.: 7873.

MUNDESLEY-ON-SEA, NORFOLK. HOTEL CONTINENTAL
for the perfect family holiday. Under same direction as HOTEL HERMANUS, WINTERTON-ON-SEA. Children's Nursery. Qualified nannies. Special provision for teen-agers. A completely redecorated and refurnished hotel. Private baths. Lift. Overlooking sea, glorious sands. Traditionally sunny. Advantageous terms May to July. Fully licensed. Tel.: 271.

ST. IVES, CORNWALL. ST. IVES BAY HOTEL
(52 bedrooms, some with private bath) occupies commanding position overlooking sea and sands. Dancing, tennis, garage. Golf and Riding Stables in the vicinity. Children very welcome.

SIDMOUTH, Devon. THE BELMONT
First class, fine seafront position. Noted for catering, refined comfort and unostentatious service. Suites. Many bathrooms communicating. Lift. No dancing or music. Fully licensed. Tel.: 1555.

WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. OATLANDS PARK HOTEL
One of Britain's best-run country Hotels, only 30 mins. from London's West End. Own Swimming-pool, Sporting Golf course, Tennis, Squash, Bowls, Billiards, Dancing—all free to residents. 60 acres of grounds. 150 rooms (many with private bath). Self-contained suites. Moderate inclusive terms. Brochure. Weybridge 4242.

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